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Out of Love
With France



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TIME

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Shrinking
Democrats

BY JOE KLEIN

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for how this
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The Debate on Clean Energy

"THE CLEAN ENERGY MYTH" MISSES THE mark [April 14]. The one-sided and scientifically uninformed piece ignores the large potential of second- and third-generation biofuels to reduce greenhouse gases and the ability of modern agriculture to responsibly manage land use. The *Science* magazine article (by Searchinger et al) on which *TIME* relies has been thoroughly rebutted by leading scientists at the Department of Energy's Argonne National Laboratory. *TIME* owes its readers the totality of facts to avoid misinformation. For many decades, the U.S. has worked with farmers and the scientific community to increase crop yields, reduce the intensity of pesticide and fertilizer use, improve water productivity and promote conservation tillage that reduces erosion and sequesters carbon. Substantial progress

continues in all these areas and was not sufficiently addressed. Last year alone our agencies invested more than \$1 billion in research, development and demonstration of next-generation-biofuels production from nonfood feedstocks, which remains the core U.S. strategy. Our government is committed to advancing technological solutions to promote and increase the use of clean, secure, abundant, affordable and domestic alternative solutions.

Ed Schafer, U.S. Department of Agriculture Secretary, and Samuel W. Bodman, U.S. Department of Energy Secretary
WASHINGTON

IT IS WRONG TO ATTRIBUTE A SIGNIFICANT part of the increase in Amazon deforestation to biofuels, as Mr. Grunwald does. First, suggestions that Brazil is a major culprit in global warming are not

supported by scientific facts or reliable statistics. Second, the growth rate of Brazilian emissions has been on the decline primarily because of decreasing rates of Amazon rain-forest deforestation, which is the main source of carbon emissions in Brazil, and increasing use of ethanol fuel. Furthermore, from 1970 to 2005 the use of ethanol in our energy mix has averted the emission of 644 million tons of CO₂, the equivalent of Canada's annual emissions. When compared with the unsustainable energy patterns used in major developed countries, the Brazilian experience can be considered a model. Contrary to what the article claims, ethanol has been a central part of the solution.

Antonio de Aguiar Patriota
Ambassador of Brazil to the U.S.
WASHINGTON

'Joe Klein's litmus test for Obama's patriotism is disturbing. Love your country, yes. But to have to say, "This is the greatest country on earth"? Oh, puh-leeze.'

Mary Masters, SARREGUEMINES, FRANCE



Pledge of Allegiance Voters question whether Obama should be pressed to prove his patriotism

WHILE MICHAEL GRUNWALD'S ARTICLE ON the emerging ethanol industry was both chilling and truthful, it's damaging to demonize the global effort to develop clean fuels as "myth," "scam" and "hype." It is no myth that thousands of scientists and their teams are working feverishly to create biofuels such as ethanol, biodiesel and biobutanol from nonfood plants grown on land unsuitable for food production. We could not have landed on the moon without first launching at Kitty Hawk. We're getting better at this every day.

Mark Beyer, DETROIT

YOUR COVER STORY PROVIDES A DISTORTED, inaccurate picture of biofuels. The overwhelming body of data demonstrates the carbon benefits of biofuels. For every unit of energy it takes to make domestic biodiesel, 3.5 units are gained, giving biodiesel the highest energy balance of any liquid fuel. It also has a 78% life-cycle carbon dioxide reduction. In 2007 alone, biodiesel's contribution to reducing greenhouse-gas emissions was the equivalent of removing 700,000 passenger vehicles from America's road-



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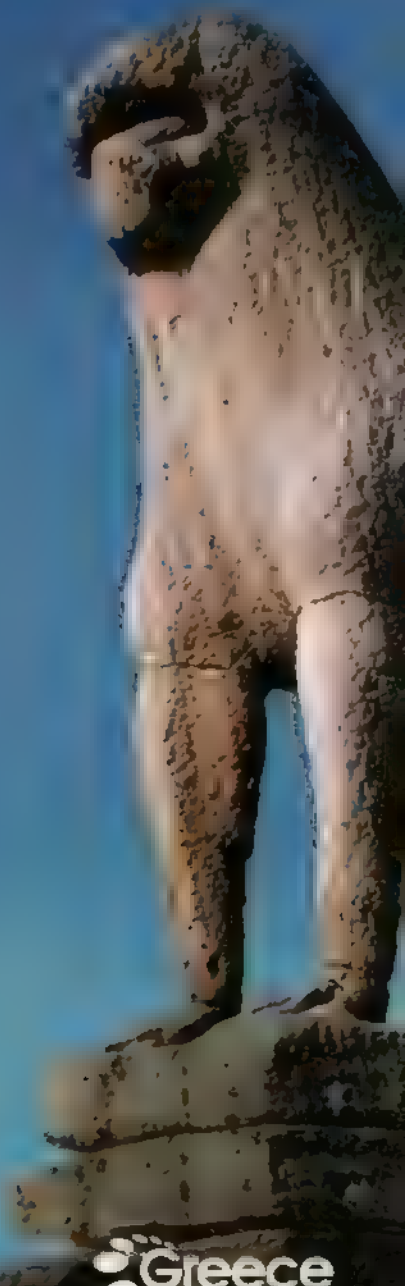
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ways. The U.S. biodiesel industry strongly opposes rain-forest destruction and non-sustainable agricultural practices. It is implementing a major initiative to enhance the overall sustainability of biodiesel production. Biodiesel increases our renewable energy supply, adds well paying, green jobs to the economy and reduces carbons and other emissions. I am proud to work in an industry that addresses these critical issues facing our nation and world.

Joe Jobe, CEO, National Biodiesel Board
JEFFERSON CITY, MO., U.S.

I KNEW IT! THANK YOU FOR THE IN DEPTH reporting on the ethanol and biofuel rip-off. Are we as a nation so inept? Can't we

ON ETHANOL AND ARMS

MICHAEL GRUNWALD SEEMS TO forget that fossil fuels like oil are in finite supply. Does he also forget that it is secured by putting our military in harm's way? Let me offer a couple of thoughts about value: in 1998 a barrel of oil bought five bushels of corn; today it buys about 19 bushels. Since no one would disagree that feeding a person for a full year is more important than filling an SUV with ethanol, why hasn't the price of crops as food reflected this? As farmers across the Midwest say when hearing about the cost of biofuel crops, "I can't recall when we needed the military to guard our cornfields." Can Big Oil say the same?

Michael Piske, BANGOR, WIS., U.S.

figure out why prices for eggs and other groceries have gone up 30% in the past year? Please keep on top of this issue.

David Jennings, SPRINGFIELD, ILL., U.S.

FACE IT: THERE'S NO ONE FUEL PANACEA, and in the final analysis, humans will have to scale back their numbers in order to live within a finite fossil (or even renewable) fuel world. And good luck with that.

William L. Seavey, CAMBRIA, CALIF., U.S.

WHY DOESN'T OUR GOVERNMENT TELL THE tobacco growers to replace 10% of their crops with corn or soybeans? If they did this for 10 years, we could lower the rate of the nation's No. 1 preventable cause of death—smoking—while providing more sources for biofuel. Of course, politicians from tobacco growing states would never allow this.

Gary Dillingham, HOMER, N.Y., U.S.

Patriot Games

PERSONALLY, I AM NOT INTERESTED IN candidates who declare "my country, right or wrong" [April 14]. When the day comes that my nation truly lives up to the ideals on which it was founded—instead of trumping them with greed, intolerance and imperial designs—then I too will affix an American-flag pin to my lapel. Until then, I will quietly demonstrate my love for my country by working for change and supporting political candidates who share my ideals.

Alan Meerow, DAVIE, FLA., U.S.

I'M SORRY TO SEE THAT JOE KLEIN HAS joined those who have misquoted Michelle Obama. In the film clip I saw of her making the statement in question, she did not say, as so many have suggested, "For the first time in my life, I am proud of my country." Rather, she said, "For the first time in my life, I am really proud of my country." The word *really* makes a huge difference and renders her statement perfectly defensible. It makes clear that she has been proud of her country all along, but now that a black man (who just happens to be her husband) has a serious chance to be President, she is *really* proud. I share her pride on this account.

Martin D. Carcieri, SAN FRANCISCO

The Gender Gap

I WAS INTRIGUED TO SEE NANCY GIBBS' article on affirmative action for boys, "College Confidential," but a bit disappointed that Ms. Gibbs avoided the greater question about what is happening to boys [April 14]. Rather than question what might be behind the slide in boys' achievement—and what the long-term effect might be if boys continue to fall behind—the article instead turns to ponder what this all means for girls. It is a sad commentary when even an article about boys' academic troubles seems uninterested in the roots of the problem.

Malia Blom, Director, Boys and Schools
WASHINGTON

I AM A HIPPIE GRANDPARENT WHOSE children are pushing their girls to achieve and who still just expect the boys to do well. Does this mean I'm a misogynist or a feminist?

Greg Jensen, EULESS, TEXAS, U.S.

The Price of Luxury

ARE YOU PEOPLE FOR REAL? UNEMPLOYMENT is high, gas prices are astronomical, and food prices are climbing, and what do you offer as an article but a report on \$40 bottled water and \$145 a bottle vinegar [April 14]. Honestly! Going out for us is

SETTING THE RECORD STRAIGHT

■ A review of Martin Scorsese's documentary *Shine a Light* in the April 14 issue refers to Janis Joplin's performance in Michael Wadleigh's 1970 film *Woodstock*. Joplin did not appear in that documentary.

■ Our April 14 toast to TIME's 85th birthday misspelled the first name of a TIME co founder. He is Briton Hadden.

lunch at a chain restaurant using coupons, and that doesn't happen often. We buy our clothes at Goodwill and discount stores. That \$120 spent on a single beer could have provided a family of four with food for a week. Why not do something that will make you feel a whole lot better: donate the money to your local food bank or battered women's shelter. That trumps the exquisite taste of the Best Butter on Earth any day.

Cheryl Norwood, CANTON, GA., U.S.

R.E.M.

I AGREE WITH TYRANGIEL [APRIL 7] THAT R.E.M.'s new album is terrific. But to me, the three preceding albums represent the work of a band that was still growing and maturing. To compare the R.E.M. of a quarter-century ago with the R.E.M. of today makes no more sense than saying the Beatles' *Strawberry Fields Forever* is inferior to *I Want to Hold Your Hand*. I admire artists who have the courage to evolve.

Debbie Gilbert, CLEVELAND, GA., U.S.

To Quit or Not to Quit

I SHARE SENATOR CLINTON'S DISMAY OVER Democratic officials' putting aside their own judgment in favor of their children's enthusiastic support for Obama [April 7]. Young people are enthusiastic about fast cars and loud music too, but that is no reason to embrace them.

Ann Gardner, DOVER, DEL., U.S.

Bhutan

YOUR REPORT ON BHUTAN'S EXPERIMENT with democracy paints an incomplete picture of the real political situation in Bhutan [April 7]. Democracy and the pursuit of "gross national happiness" sound ludicrous when nearly one-sixth of the population has been languishing as refugees in Eastern Nepal for nearly two decades. The ruling establishment of Bhutan has been successful in diverting the world's attention from the refugee problem. The international community's indifference to the situation is not going to help the rightful repatriation of Bhutanese refugees.

Adwait Silwal, KATHMANDU, NEPAL

Briefing

THE MOMENT



Bowing Out. The resignation of Samsung's mighty chairman could bring change to Asia Inc.

TYCOONS IN SOUTH KOREA have always been more than just rich people. Inside their sprawling conglomerates, they are revered like demigods, their every utterance heeded as law. In the country at large, these titans of industry, though often distrusted, are lauded as the men who transformed an impoverished backwater into a modern nation with the world's 13th largest economy. This week, however, one of the most powerful fell from his pedestal. Lee Kun Hee, 66, the chairman of Samsung

Electronics, shocked South Korea by resigning after being indicted for tax evasion and breach of trust.

Under Lee's guidance, Samsung roared to the forefront of the global electronics industry as one of the world's largest makers of LCD panels, microchips and mobile phones. Yet amid this high technology, Lee increasingly appeared an anachronism, a throwback to an earlier age when a few dominant personalities managed Korea's economic miracle. A shadowy figure rarely seen in

public, Lee wielded tremendous authority within Samsung Group, a conglomerate with \$150 billion in annual revenue. But foreign investors came to see him as an impediment to the reform needed to transform Samsung from a family-dominated fiefdom into a professionally managed

Amid all the high technology, Lee appeared an anachronism

corporation responsible to its shareholders.

Lee's departure (his top lieutenant, wife, and son and heir apparent also resigned positions at Samsung) may finally allow that process to

begin—and could set a precedent throughout Asia, where family-run companies have long resisted transparency and greater accountability. As a major shareholder, Lee may continue to influence Samsung. But his decision to resign, even before a trial, for the greater good of the company he ran is an unprecedented act in South Korea and is an example that business leaders throughout Asia may find hard to ignore. When Lee announced he was stepping down in a televised speech, he told South Koreans he was "taking all the mistakes of the past with me." His decision may mark the end of an era for an Asian style of capitalism that has outlived its usefulness.

—BY MICHAEL SCHUMAN

Briefing



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Pope Benedict XVI prays during his trip to ground zero



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WASHINGTON MEMO

UNTIL AIR Force Colonel Morris Davis

resigned in protest last fall, he was the gung-ho chief military prosecutor in charge of all cases at Guantánamo Bay. But before the end of April, Davis will be on the witness stand, testifying in defense of Salim Ahmed Hamdan, Osama bin Laden's onetime driver. Davis will swear, according to court papers, that top Pentagon officials interfered in planned detainee trials, subverting the judicial process for political reasons.

If the judge permits his testimony, Davis will state that Deputy Secretary of Defense Gordon England asked him last year to charge some "high-value detainees" before the November elections. He will also say that the Defense Department's former general counsel, William Haynes, pushed for convictions, asking, "If we've been holding these guys for so long, how can we explain letting them get off?" And he will accuse Air Force Brigadier General Thomas Hartmann, senior



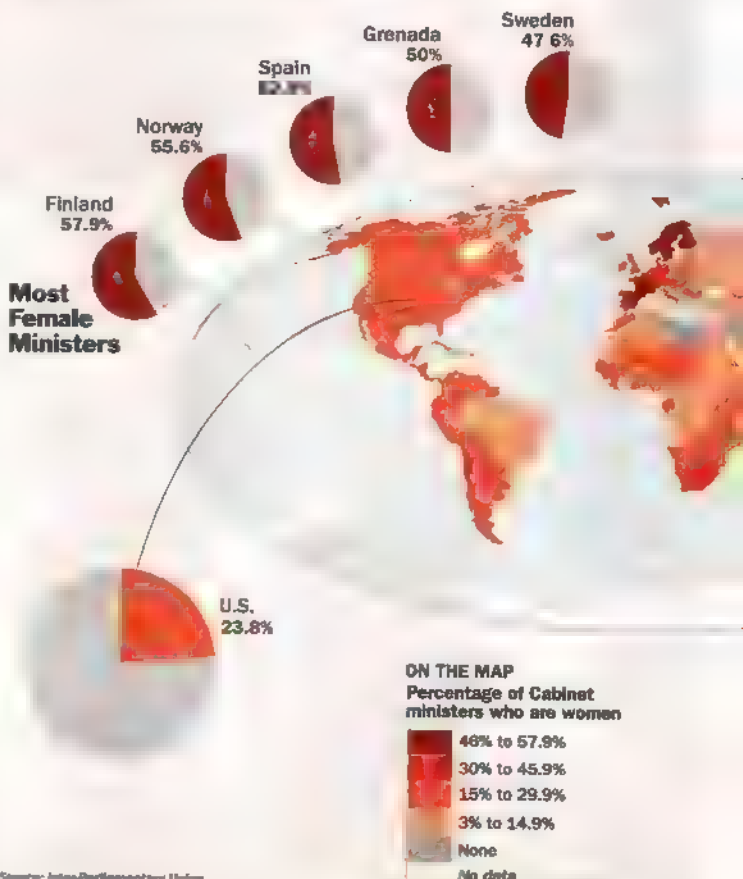
legal adviser to the tribunal, of demanding "sexy" cases with "blood on them" to drum up public support for convictions. "There is no question they wanted me to stage show trials that have nothing to do with the centuries-old tradition of military justice in America," Davis tells TIME.

All three of these Pentagon officials dispute Davis' version of events. Yet his statements under oath may affect future prosecutions, notably those of six high-value detainees, including alleged 9/11 mastermind Khalid Sheikh Mohammed, whose trials are slated to begin later this year. Their lawyers are likely to use Davis' testimony to show that the Pentagon crossed legal boundaries, bolstering claims that key evidence against their clients was obtained through torture. Ensuing legal wrangling could push proceedings well into next year, after President Bush has left office. And all three candidates vying to replace him have already called for shutting Guantánamo down. —BY ADAM ZAGORIN

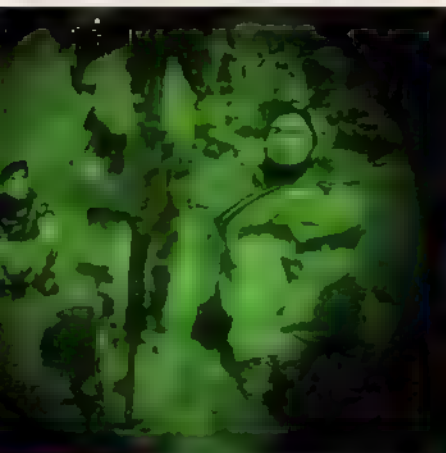
GOVERNMENT

Gender Politics

Spain's Cabinet has more women than men—including a pregnant Defense Minister, Carme Chacón. But worldwide, women fill only 14.5% of ministerial positions. Their most common portfolios are in human services and education; defense is one of the rarest.



Briefing



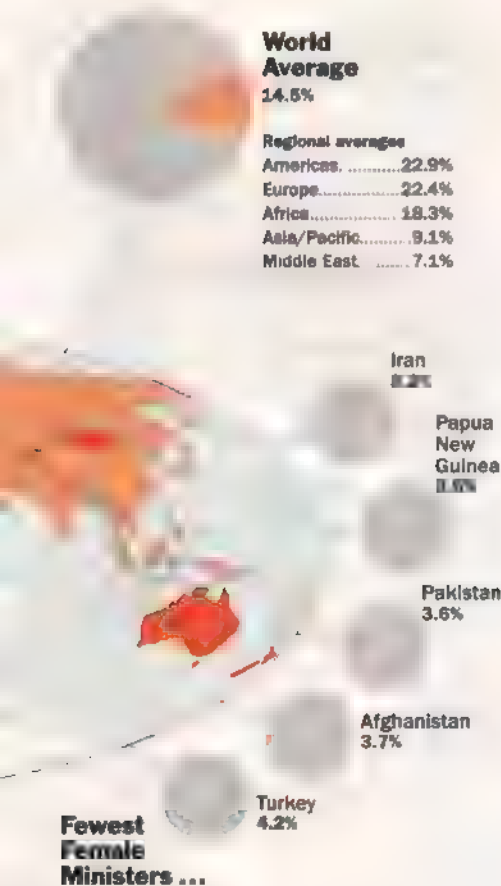
AFGHANISTAN
Search for Taliban fighters in nighttime raid



SAN FRANCISCO
Wheat costs force the city's oldest bakery to raise prices



GAZA
Israeli air strike kills Reuters journalist



... And 13 Countries With None
Bhutan, Bosnia and Herzegovina, Burma, Libya, Monaco, Nauru, North Korea, Palau, Romania, Saudi Arabia, Singapore, Solomon Islands, Tuvalu

MILITARY

Casualties of War



As many as 300,000 Iraq and Afghanistan war veterans (about 20%) suffer from symptoms of depression or post-traumatic stress disorder, according to a report by the Rand Corp. In addition, about 320,000 may have experienced some form of traumatic brain injury, which can contribute to mental difficulties.

MILITARY INTERVENTION In order to study how explosions affect soldiers' brains, the Army outfitted 7,000 troops with helmet sensors that monitor air pressure and acceleration from a blast. In August, the military set up a new suicide hotline specifically for vets; about 37,000 calls have been received so far.

POLLS

End-of-Term Blues

An unpopular war and a flagging economy have earned Bush in the final months of his presidency, some of the lowest approval ratings on record. His competition:



GEORGE W. BUSH
28%

At 90% just after Sept. 11, his numbers have fallen more than 60 points



GEORGE H.W. BUSH
29%

Recession hurt Bush in mid-1992, months before he lost his bid for re-election



JIMMY CARTER
28%

Sky-high gas prices and "malaise" contributed to Carter's unpopularity in 1979



HARRY S. TRUMAN
22%

The Korean War gave Truman Gallup's all-time lowest rating. In early 1952

UPDATE

Will He Go?

Some hoped last month's vote would end Robert Mugabe's rule over Zimbabwe. So far it hasn't.



THE ELECTION

Despite the opposition's assertions of victory, results have still not been released. Many fear election officials may be manipulating the count.

THE REFUGEES

With government loyalists reportedly beating and arresting opposition supporters, as many as 1,000 people a day—dubbed Mugabe's Tsunami—have crossed the border to South Africa to escape the violence.

THE RESPONSE

Breaking from African nations' historic solidarity, neighbors have called for the release of the results. And several nations prevented a Chinese ship delivering weapons and ammunition to Zimbabwe from docking in their ports.

Verbatim

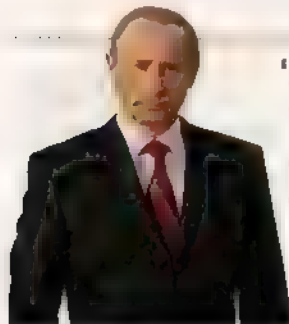
'The problem is not that I met with Hamas in Syria. The problem is that Israel and the United States refuse to meet with someone who must be involved.'

JIMMY CARTER, former U.S. President, on meeting with leaders of the Palestinian militant group Hamas after the Bush Administration warned him not to



'Iraq cannot be the new Somalia.'

NOURI AL-MALIKI, Iraqi Prime Minister, comparing armed militias in Iraq with the violent warlords who effectively took over Somalia in 1991



'I have always reacted negatively to those who, with their snotty noses and erotic fantasies, prowl into others' lives.'

VLADIMIR PUTIN, Russian President, denying rumors that he has secretly divorced and plans to remarry

'It was them saying, We need to stick our hands up your back and move your mouth for you.'

ROBERT BEVELACQUA, retired Green Beret and former Fox News military pundit, describing Pentagon efforts to influence news coverage via sympathetic analysts



'It's difficult to convince North Korea to give up its nuclear weapons, but it is not impossible.'

LEE MYUNG BAK, South Korean President, dismissing assertions that the U.S. and South Korea have softened demands for North Korea to fully declare all its nuclear activities

'My sex has got nothing to do with it. I believed in myself as a driver.'

DANICA PATRICK on becoming the first female winner in IndyCar history, after capturing the Indy Japan 300



NUMBERS

REFUGEES

1%

Percentage of refugees living in Greece who have been granted asylum. The country has been criticized by the U.N. for failing to provide interpreters and legal aid for the remaining 99%

50%

Percentage of refugees living in Sweden who have been granted asylum, the highest rate in Europe

INTERNET

220 million

Number of Chinese who were using the Internet as of February. For the first time, China's total surpassed the U.S.'s, which in 2007 was 216 million

17%

Percentage of people in China who use the Internet, compared with 71% in the U.S.

FAST FOOD

1,435

Number of calories in a McDonald's Big Mac meal, which includes a burger, fries and soda



130,000

Number of New Yorkers, according to the state health department, who could avoid obesity if chains like McDonald's published calorie counts on their menus, as required by a recently upheld New York City law

TOBACCO

43

Number of U.S. states that have increased tobacco taxes since 2002, state tobacco taxes generated \$14.5 billion in revenue last year

7¢

The country's lowest cigarette tax, imposed by South Carolina, whose Republicans are lobbying to increase it by 50¢ a pack

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Sources: A.P., CNN, BBC, New York Times, Washington Post, Reuters

Sources: New York Times (2); USA Today (2); McDonalds.com; Reuters; New York Times (2)

08A

The Oscar-winning actress stars in and directs *Then She Found Me*, based on the novel by Ellynor Lipman about how a woman's life changes when her birth mother finds her.

Was this film a labor of love for you? Yes, or else why would I have spent 10 years working on it, banging my head against the wall? I wanted to make a movie in which I would be the only person who could tell it.

You did some directing for *Mad About You*. What was different about directing this film? When I was directing *Mad About You* and also had an acting scene, I didn't want to be in the scene—I just wanted to direct. I was wearing different hats. For the film, I just threw all the hats in the garbage and told the story.

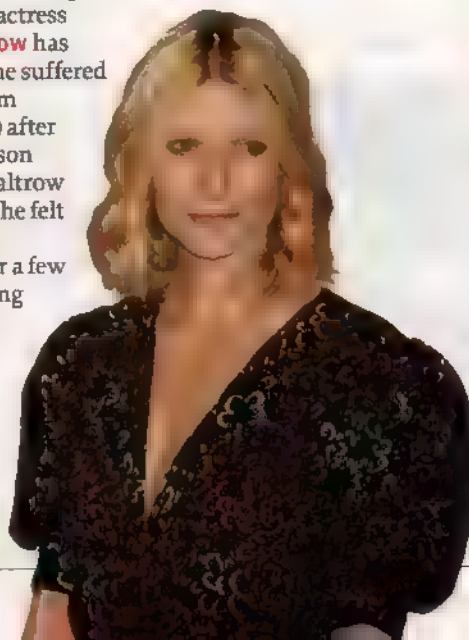
Are you anything like your character? On the surface, it's not at all autobiographical. But one tiny layer below the surface, it's 100% autobiographical, except I'm not just her; I'm the characters played by [co-stars] Colin Firth, Matthew Broderick, Bette Midler. The whole movie is a naked X-ray of what's important to me.

Will you direct again? I wrote another movie that I would direct and act in, so unless someone jumps in and gives me a part I can't resist—which I would really love—I will be going back to work to try and get [that] one made.



PRINCE WILLIAM, who recently received his air force wings, displayed his flight skills by landing a military helicopter in the backyard of girlfriend **KATE MIDDLETON**'s parents. Critics complained to newspapers that he was showing off and wasting taxpayers' money.

Oscar-winning actress **GWYNETH PALTROW** has admitted that she suffered from postpartum depression (PPD) after the birth of her son Moses, now 2. Paltrow told *Vogue* that she felt pessimistic and disconnected for a few months following Moses' birth. At the time, she didn't understand what was wrong with her, but later she realized she probably had PPD.



On trial. BRIGITTE BARDOT,
on charges of discrimination
and spreading racial hatred,
for writing an open letter to
the French President accusing
France's Muslim population of
destroying the country

Released. FOXY BROWN, after eight months in prison, including 40 days in solitary confinement

Married. Giants quarterback **ELI MANNING**, to college girlfriend Abby McGrew

Signed on. *Deal or No Deal* host **HOWIE MANDELL**, to star in an unscripted comedy for NBC

Struck. SANDRA BULLOCK and her husband Jesse James, by a drunk driver in Massachusetts. Both were unharmed



R&B artist **AKON**, who built his hip-hop cred on a string of convictions and jail stints—not to mention once facing a 75-year prison sentence—may not have the rap sheet he claims. According to a probe by the *Smoking Gun*, while Akon has been arrested half a dozen times, he has been convicted of only one felony, for which he got probation.

Milestones

DIED ALTHOUGH HE PLAYED in one of rock 'n' roll's most influential backing bands for nearly 40 years, **Danny Federici** hardly reveled in the limelight. The E Street Band keyboardist—he played organ, accordion and glockenspiel, as the situation demanded—would arrive just in time for



shows, then duck out as soon as they finished, leading Bruce Springsteen to call him "Phantom

Dan." He first played alongside the Boss in clubs on the New Jersey Shore in the 1960s, and his signature sound can be heard on many of Springsteen's hits, notably 1973's *4th of July, Asbury Park* and 1980's *Hungry Heart*. Federici was a "pure natural musician," Springsteen wrote in a message on his website. "I loved him very much... we grew up together." Federici died at 58 after a long battle with melanoma.

■ AS HEAD OF THE VATICAN'S Pontifical Council for the Family, Colombian-born Cardinal **Afonso López Trujillo** was a staunch advocate of the Roman Catholic Church's conservative policies,

opposing abortion, stem-cell research, gay marriage and contraception—at one point calling into question the efficacy of condoms in preventing the spread of HIV. Considered a possible candidate for Pope before Benedict XVI succeeded John Paul II in 2005, López Trujillo was deeply wary of leftist liberation theology and its influence on Latin American Catholicism. "I don't believe that in Latin America, Marxism has any possibilities," he said in the 1970s. "Nor does a capitalism that turns its back on mankind." He was 72.

■ HIS DOCUMENTARY ON A choir's travels across the U.S. earned director **Alex Grasshoff** an Oscar in 1969. Yet when the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences discovered that *The Young Americans* was first shown in late 1967, making it ineligible for the awards presented in 1969, the Academy took back his golden statuette—the only revocation in the Academy Awards' 80-year history. Though Grasshoff went on to direct several TV shows and the 1973 documentary *Journey to the Outer Limits*, he never won another Oscar. He was 79.

■ HER BRIGHT GREEN EYES and red hair made her a pinup



favorite, but British actress **Hazel Court** also attracted a cult following in the 1960s for her piercing shrieks and gory death scenes in horror films like *The Curse of Frankenstein* and for her appearances in Roger Corman films inspired by Edgar Allan Poe's macabre works, such as *The Raven* and *The Masque of the Red Death*. In addition, Court appeared in several TV series, including a British export to the U.S. called *Dick and the Duchess*, before retiring from show business in the 1970s to pursue a successful career in sculpture. Her autobiography, *Hazel Court: Horror Queen*, will be published posthumously in June. She was 82.

■ HIS SKETCHES OF MOTHER Teresa made a lasting impression at the Vatican and earned portrait artist **George Pollard** a commission to paint a likeness of John Paul II—just one of the 5,000 portraits Pollard created in his lifetime, many of prominent leaders, athletes and entertainers. The unassuming Wisconsin native painted John F. Kennedy, Muhammad Ali, Hank Aaron and Harry S. Truman—who quipped upon seeing his portrait, "I think you flattered me just right." Pollard was 88.

■ WHEN MIT PROFESSOR AND meteorologist **Edward Lorenz** realized in 1961 that long term weather-forecasting was all but impossible, the discovery

chagrined weathermen. But his underlying idea—that even the most minute aberrations could have vast repercussions on larger systems—gave birth to the modern field of chaos theory. He captured the public's imagination with the elegant concept in a 1972 paper titled "Does the Flap of a Butterfly's Wings in Brazil Set Off



a Tornado in Texas?" Though Lorenz initially used a seagull as his example, he settled

on the more poetic creature, giving rise to the term *butterfly effect*. He was 90.

■ BEFORE FRICK AND FRACK entered the English lexicon as a term for an inseparable pair of buffoons, it referred to a popular ice skating comedy duo. Beginning in the late 1930s, Frick, **Werner Groebli**, and his partner, Frack, Hans Rudolph Mauch, performed some 15,000 shows incorporating a unique mixture of pantomime, physical comedy and athleticism. "People think our skating is eccentric. It's not so," Groebli told *TIME* during the pair's first U.S. tour, in 1939. "Any figure skater should be able to do a serious spread eagle"—in which he skates with his body bent backward nearly parallel to the ice—"asleep." He was 92.



Postcard: Berlin.

Germans are at odds over the future of an airport that was built by the Nazis but played a key role in the defense of democracy. **Berliners enjoy the anarchic debate**

BY ANDREW PURVIS

THE CAVERNOUS MARBLE AND sandstone halls of Berlin's Tempelhof Airport are mostly empty now. Only two of 20 check-in counters are open to attend to the handful of commuter flights that arrive and depart each day. But while passenger traffic has dropped 80% in the past decade, there is no lack of noise around the airport, which Adolf Hitler built in the late 1930s as a grandiose portal to his thousand-year Reich. The city's plan to close Tempelhof to air traffic later this year and turn it into a public park has run into unexpected turbulence from a coalition of leading businessmen, conservative politicians and urban nostalgists. In a referendum scheduled for April 27, Berliners will get a chance to weigh in on the fate of a landmark that has become, as Chancellor Angela Merkel recently said, "a symbol of the city's history."

The Tempelhof vote is one of the first under a new Berlin law authorizing plebiscites on local issues. (Germany's postwar constitution banned national referendums.) Garish billboards urging Berliners to **SAVE TEMPELHOF!** have sprouted alongside beds of daffodils and magnolia trees across the German capital. Posters that call for shuttering the "VIP airport" show children frolicking on the vacated fields. "Hands off Tempelhof!" croons gravel-voiced country singer Gunter Gabriel in a music video featuring air stewardesses in 1960s vintage miniskirts. "Berlin is an anarchic city and everybody wants to join in the debate," says Wolfgang Kaschuba, a professor of urban studies at Berlin's Humboldt University.

The vote would be of only passing interest if not for the airport's history. Tempelhof's stern, monumental style was meant to trumpet the permanence of National Socialism. It outlived that twisted purpose to take on a more benign and, for many Berliners, vital role. When West Berlin was blockaded by Soviet troops

in 1948—60 years ago this June—Tempelhof served as the city's sole lifeline to the West. Cargo planes, known as "raisin bombers," ferried in supplies—from potatoes to Hershey's chocolate bars—every three minutes around the clock for 15 months. The place became a symbol for the West's cold war resolve, which for Berliners culminated in John F. Kennedy's 1963 declaration: "*Ich bin ein Berliner.*"

But Tempelhof's past has long since faded. As an underused commuter airport, it lost about \$15 million last year. Shutting it down is a key part of Social Democratic Mayor Klaus Wowereit's plan to consolidate

Berlin's three city airports into one by 2012. Proposals for repurposing the 890 acres (360 ha) in the heart of the capital range from establishing a German version of Central Park to turning it into grazing land for buffalo (really). Opponents gathered enough signatures in a citywide petition to trigger the referendum on the closure. Backed by prominent German businessmen, they say the airport is stimulating the local

economy and that to pay for itself, parts of the Nazi-era arrival hall—still one of the largest freestanding buildings in the world—could be spun off for hotels and commercial use. Ronald Lauder, the U.S. cosmetics magnate, wants to save Tempelhof by turning it into a fly-in clinic for well-heeled patients from the Persian Gulf and elsewhere.

With slogans like "Tempelhof saved the Berliners, now Berliners can save Tempelhof," those who support the airport are expected to win the referendum. But its results are not binding, and Wowereit vows to press ahead with plans to shut the runways down no matter what the outcome of the vote.

Whatever happens over the next few months, Berliners are relishing the lively debate as a reassuring exercise in grass roots democracy. It may have been built by a fascist regime, and seen its greatest moment when it was used to defy a communist one, but in the spring air, nearly 20 years after the Berlin Wall came down, the old airport is an apt reminder of the blessings of a democratic choice. —WITH REPORTING BY LAURA LAABS/BERLIN ■



Monumental The neoclassical hall of the Nazi-built Tempelhof Airport complex in Berlin





Joe

Klein

Shrinking Democrats.

How Obama and Clinton are diminishing each other and turning a big campaign into a small one

"THIS ELECTION," BILL CLINTON SAID IN the hours before the Pennsylvania primary, "is too big to be small." It was a noble sentiment, succinctly stated, and the core of what Democrats believe—that George W. Bush has been a historic screwup as President, that there are huge issues to be confronted this year. But it was laughable as well. The Pennsylvania primary had been a six-week exercise in diminution, with both Hillary Clinton and Barack Obama—and Bill Clinton too—losing altitude and esteem on an almost daily basis. Even as he spoke, the former President was in the midst of a tiny, self-inflicted absurdity, having claimed in a radio interview that the Obama campaign had played the "race card" against him. And that was the least of the damage.

Hillary Clinton won a convincing victory in Pennsylvania, but it came at a significant cost to the Clinton family's reputation and to the Democratic Party. She won by throwing the "kitchen sink" at Obama, as her campaign aides described it. Her campaign had been an assault on Obama's character flaws, real and imagined, rather than on matters of substance. Clinton also suffered a bizarre self-inflicted wound, having reimagined her peaceful landing at a Bosnian airstrip in 1996 as a battlefield scene complete with sniper fire. After six weeks of this, according to one poll, 60% of the American people considered her "untrustworthy," a Nixonian indictment.

But that was nothing compared with the damage done to Obama, who entered the primary as a fresh breeze and left it

stale, battered and embittered—still the mathematical favorite for the nomination but no longer the darling of his party. In the course of six weeks, the American people learned that he was a member of a church whose pastor gave angry, anti-American sermons, that he was "friendly" with an American terrorist who had bombed buildings during the Vietnam era, and that he seemed to look on the ceremonies of working-class life—bowling, hunting, churchgoing and the fervent consumption of greasy food—as his anthropologist mother might have, with a mixture of cool detachment and utter bemusement. All of which deepened the skepticism that Caucasians, especially those without a college degree, had about a young, inexperienced African-American guy with an Islamic-sounding name and a highfalutin fluency with language. And worse, it raised questions among the elders of the party about Obama's ability to hold on to crucial Rust Belt bastions like Pennsylvania, Michigan and New Jersey in the general election—and to add long-suffering Ohio to the Democratic column.

Yes, yes, the bulk of the sludge was caricature, and some of it, especially the stuff circulating on the Internet, was scurrilous trash. But there is an immutable pedestrian reality to American politics: you have to get the social body language right if you want voters to consider the nobler reaches of your message. In his 1991 book, *The Reasoning Voter*, political scientist Samuel Popkin argued that most people



The family business With daughter, mother and husband behind her, Clinton relishes her April 22 Pennsylvania primary win

Photograph for TIME by Diana Walker



make their choice on the basis of "low-information signaling"—that is, stupid things like whether you know how to roll a bowling ball or wear an American flag pin. In the era of Republican dominance, the low-information signals were really low—how Michael Dukakis looked in a tanker's helmet, whether John Kerry's favorite sports were too precious (like wind-surfing), whether Al Gore's debate sighs over his opponent's simple obfuscations were patronizing. Bill Clinton was the lone Democratic master of low-information signaling—a love of McDonald's and other assorted big-gulp appetites gave him credibility that even trumped his evasion of military service.

The audacity of the Obama campaign was the belief that in a time of trouble—as opposed to the peace and prosperity of the late 20th century—the low-information politics of the past could be tossed aside in favor of a high-minded, if deliberately

of the '60s," has now become deeply entangled in them. Each of the ABC moderators' questions were about controversies that erupted in the '60s. The Rev. Jeremiah Wright's black-nationalist sermons had their roots in the black-power movement that corrupted Martin Luther King Jr.'s "beloved community." The sprouting of flag pins on the lapels of politicians was a response to the flag-burning of anti-war protesters; the violence of Weather Underground members like William Ayers, with whom Obama was said to be "friendly," was a corruption of the peace movements as well. All of these occurred before Obama reached puberty—and they helped define the social atmosphere in academic communities like Chicago's Hyde Park, where Obama now lives. For 40 years, the Republican Party has feasted on the secular humanism, feminism, distrust of the military and permissiveness that caricature such communities. For 40 years, the Democratic Party has been burdened by its inability to break free of those stereotypes.

Obama's challenge to the primacy of that sort of politics is both worthy and essential. His point, and Bill Clinton's, is indisputable: there is a need for a big election this year. A decision has to be made about the war in Iraq. The mortgage-market and the health-insurance systems are falling apart. There is a drastic need for the U.S. to wean itself off fossil fuels for security, environmental and basic supply-and-demand reasons. The physical and educational infrastructures of the country are badly outdated. In order to have an election about those big challenges, some serious social issues—like gun control and, yes, even abortion—and phony character issues must be shoved to the periphery. But Obama is going about it the wrong way. "After 14 long months," he said in his concession speech, "it's easy to get caught up in the distractions and the silliness and the tit for tat that consumes our politics, the bickering that none of us are immune to, and it trivializes the profound issues." What's wrong with that, you might ask? It's too abstract, too detached. Too often, Obama has seemed unwilling to get down in the muck and fight off the "distractions" that are crippling his campaign. Obviously, this is strategy—his appeal has been the promise of a politics of civility (and as a black man, he wants to send low-information signals that he is neither angry nor threatening). But what if, after ABC had enabled the smarmy American-flag-pin question from an "average citizen," Obama had taken on George Stephanopoulos and Charlie

The audacity of Obama's campaign was the belief that low-information politics could be tossed aside. That assumption hit a wall in Pennsylvania

vague, appeal to the nation's need to finally address some huge problems. But that assumption hit a wall in Pennsylvania. Specifically, it hit a wall at the debate staged by ABC News in Philadelphia—viewed by an audience of 10 million, including a disproportionate number of Pennsylvanians—that will go down in history for the relentless vulgarity of its questions, with the first 40 minutes focused exclusively on so-called character issues rather than policy. Obama was on the defensive from the start, but gradually the defensiveness morphed into bitter frustration. He kept his cool—a very presidential character trait—and allowed his disdain to show only when he was asked a question about his opponent's Bosnia gaffe. "Senator Clinton deserves the right to make some errors once in a while," he said. "What's important is to make sure that we don't get so obsessed with gaffes that we lose sight of the fact that this is a defining moment in our history."

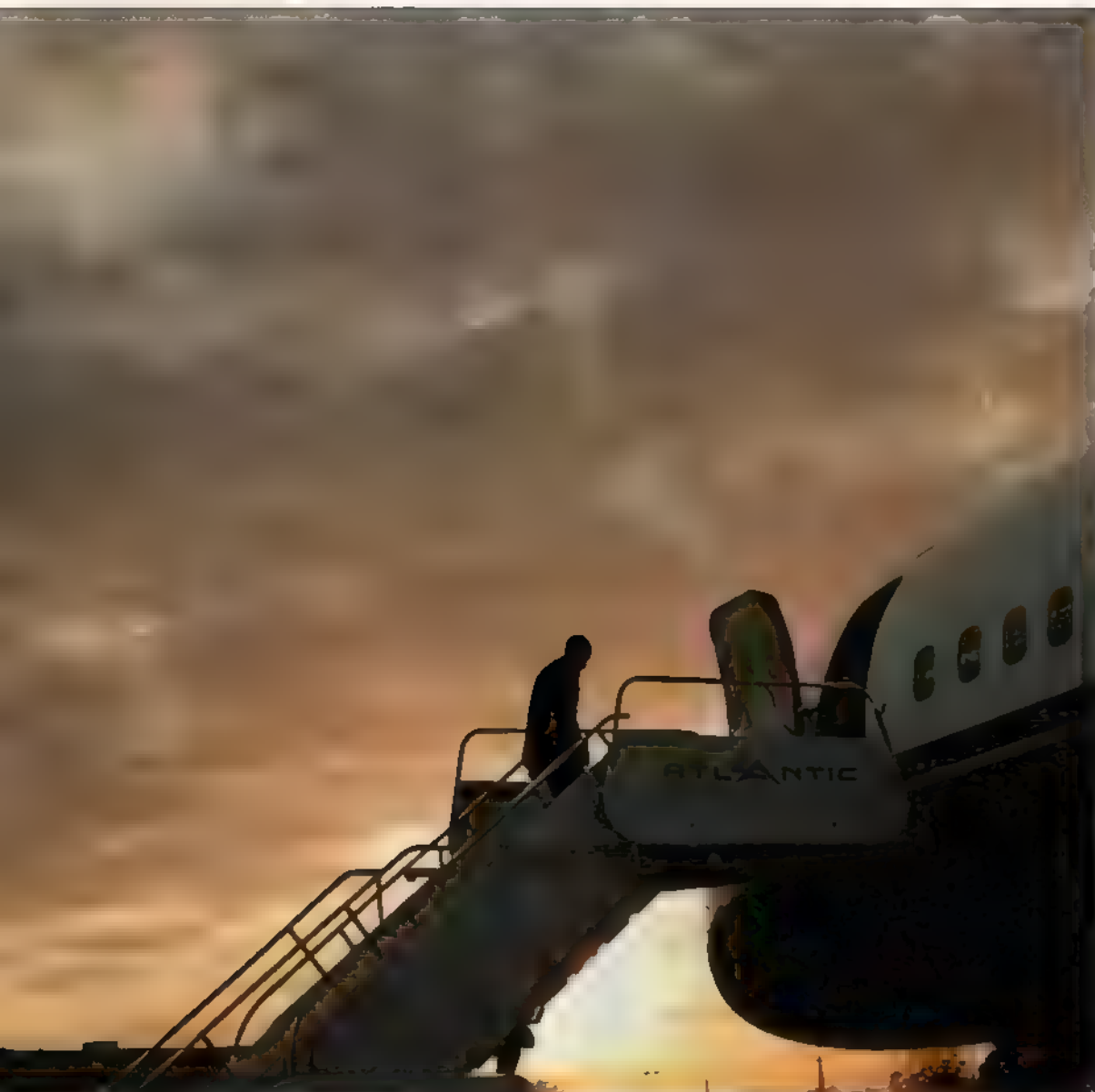
It is the transcendent irony of this campaign that Obama, who entered the race intent on getting past the "dorm fights

Gibson directly, "Why aren't you guys wearing pins? Why isn't Hillary?" Indeed, this was Clinton's strategy in an earlier debate, upbraiding her questioners from MSNBC—and it may have turned the tide in her favor in Ohio and Texas.

In the last days of the Pennsylvania campaign, Obama made a halfhearted attempt to go negative. He ran ads distorting Clinton's health-care plan, claiming that it would force everyone to get health insurance (true), even if they couldn't afford it (false). He devoted more and more of his stump speech to slugging Clinton. "She's got the kitchen sink flying, the china flying—the buffet is coming at me," he said during a whistle-stop tour of southeastern Pennsylvania. His delivery of the kitchen-sink line was droll, but the rest of the tour was surprisingly soporific. He

Campaign '08

For continuing coverage of the presidential race, including daily dispatches, videos, the *Swampland* blog and photo essays, visit time.com



Next stop, Evansville After the Pennsylvania vote, Obama heads to Indiana to campaign for the May 6 primary

seemed fed up with campaigning—as any reasonably sane human being would be at this point—and embittered by the turn the race had taken.

I'm not sure that Bill and Hillary Clinton are reasonably sane human beings, at least not when they are running for office: they become robo-pols, tireless and seemingly indestructible. Senator Clinton was on fire in the days before the Pennsylvania primary, as energized as I've ever seen her. She barely mentioned Obama at all but fiercely plowed her latest field—the populist granddaughter of a Pennsylvania factory worker, the daughter of a Penn State football player. As she said in her victory speech, "You know, tonight, all across Pennsylvania and America, teachers are grading papers, and doctors and nurses are caring for the sick, and you deserve a leader who listens to you. Waitresses are pour-

ing coffee, and police officers are standing guard, and small businesses are working to meet that payroll. And you deserve a champion who stands with you."

There was a warmth and a feistiness to Clinton in Pennsylvania—the very qualities that Obama was lacking. She had embraced the shameless rituals of politics, including some classic low-information signals, downing shots of Crown Royal and promising lower gas prices, attacking her opponent over trivia and threatening to "obliterate" Iran. It was enough to earn the ire of the *New York Times* editorial page, which harrumphed, "By staying on the attack and not engaging Mr. Obama on the substance of issues... she undercuts the rationale for her candidacy that led this page and others to support her: that she is more qualified, right now, to be President."

Well, tsk tsk and ahem! But part of

the problem with editorial writers—and, truth to tell, columnists like me—is a narrow definition of the qualifications necessary to be President. It helps to be a warrior, for one thing. It helps to be able to take a punch and deliver one—even, sometimes, a sucker punch. A certain familiarity with life as it is lived by normal Americans is useful; a distance from the elite precincts of academia, where unrepentant terrorists can sip wine in good company, is essential. Hillary Clinton has learned these lessons the hard way; Barack Obama thinks they are "the wrong lessons." The nomination is, obviously, his to lose. But the presidency will not be won if he doesn't learn that the only way to reach the high-minded conversation he wants, and the country badly needs, is to figure out how to maneuver his way through the gutter. ■

So close and yet so far
*Clinton is only about
130 delegates behind. But
catching up to Obama is
an uphill challenge*



Tell Me How This Ends?

Either Hillary Clinton or Barack Obama is going to capture the Democratic nomination. But how? A look at three possible scenarios shows why they could brawl all the way to Denver

BY KAREN TUMULTY

SO HOW WILL IT END? NO ONE really knows. Ever since a small group of Democratic operatives enshrined the proportional allocation of primary delegates in its party rules 20 years ago, the possibility of a months-long death march to the convention has both reflected the Democrats' proudest egalitarian instinct—and hidden the germ of their worst nightmare. That latter possibility has now arrived. There is no road map for where the Democrats are going; there aren't even many roads. The candidates and their aides have only a dim grasp of how the endgame will unfold, though some maintain a healthy sense of humor about their predicament. David Axelrod, Barack Obama's top strategist, donned a shirt on the plane out of Pennsylvania that read STOP THE DRAMA, VOTE OBAMA.

But the drama is a long way from over.

Sources at both campaigns and anxious Democrats elsewhere say they see three possible scenarios that could bring the contest to a close:

1. Clinton Loses Indiana on May 6 and Pulls Out

THERE WILL BE TWO PRIMARIES THAT DAY, but North Carolina is considered almost certain to go for Obama, which means Clinton will be putting most of her effort into Indiana. Privately, her advisers concede that it will be difficult to continue in the race if she does not win there.

Clinton starts out with some big handicaps. The most crippling is lack of money. The latest fund-raising reports show she was more than \$10 million in debt going into April, mostly to her high-priced campaign consultants, and local vendors are starting to complain about unpaid bills. And all that red ink was booked before the

expensive sprint through Pennsylvania. It was telling that Clinton opened her Philadelphia victory speech with a fund-raising pitch; more than \$5 million poured into her coffers by noon the next day. But she is not likely to keep up that pace. "Watch the money more than anything else," says a top Obama campaign official.

Obama, on the other hand, sits atop an Internet fund-raising machine unlike any either party has ever seen. He has been raising more than \$1 million a day for several months now, with more than a third coming in small amounts from people who can give again. He also has some home-court advantages: up to 30% of Indiana's Democratic voters live in the Chicago media market. The heavily African-American city of East Chicago is actually in Indiana.

But Clinton has some friends in Indiana too. She has the support of the

biggest name in Indiana Democratic politics, Senator (and former governor) Evan Bayh. Congressional sources say pressure from Bayh is the main reason that four of the five Indiana House Democrats—all of them superdelegates—have remained uncommitted in the race. While the Clinton campaign's internal polling shows Obama ahead, two sources say, she is beginning to close the gap. Working-class whites, who accounted for her victories in Ohio and Pennsylvania, number high among the undecided in Indiana. She also runs stronger with conservatives, which helps in a state that hasn't voted Democratic in a presidential race since 1964. If Clinton manages to stage a comeback in the Hoosier State, she is almost certain to continue in the race until the remaining six states have finished voting. At that point:

2. Party Leaders End It in June

WORRIED DEMOCRATS HAVE BEEN TALKING for weeks about the possibility of party elders conspiring to bring things to a close in May. But in a group as leaderless as the Democratic Party, it is far from clear who actually has the clout to play that role, especially while there are states that have yet to vote. Al Gore, assumed to favor Obama, has resisted those who have entreated him to make a public move, telling them privately, "Nobody likes an umpire."

All that could change after the last two states, South Dakota and Montana, vote on June 3. That's the time party chairman Howard Dean, Senate majority leader Harry Reid and House Speaker Nancy Pelosi are expected to tell the superdelegates—about 300 of the roughly 800 delegates overall who have yet to commit—that it is time to make up their minds. Pelosi in particular is key, as more than 70 of those uncommitted superdelegates are House members. For many, holding back now is more a matter of principle than preference. "They don't want to be perceived as telling voters how to vote," says former Senate majority leader Tom Daschle, who is heading Obama's superdelegate effort.

Not since the nasty 1984 primary race between party-establishment favorite Walter Mondale and the insurgent Gary Hart has the nomination come down to the superdelegates, who also include governors, Senators and party officials. In that race, virtually all the elders got in line behind Mondale, the party's legatee. But Obama has been steadily chipping away at Clinton's once formidable lead among the superdelegates; the assumption, at least for now, is that most of those who remain would move to put Obama over the top if he emerges from the

The Players. How the superdelegates break may depend on this Gang of Six

THE ENFORCERS



NANCY PELOSI says when the primaries are over, undecided superdelegates should make up their minds



HARRY REID, whose caucus includes both contenders, also wants the nominee resolved before the party convention

THE ELDER STATESMEN



AL GORE has resisted entreaties to go public with his preference in the Democratic presidential race



JIMMY CARTER, as a former President, could have wide influence, should he decide to push for a resolution

THE SUPERDELEGATE HUNTERS



TOM DASCHLE, who heads Obama's effort to woo superdelegates, says very few are "truly undecided"



HAROLD ICKES, Clinton's adviser, is leading her campaign's push to seat Florida and Michigan delegates

primary season with the most pledged delegates. To do otherwise would be to risk alienating the legions of new voters who, thanks largely to Obama, are participating in elections for the first time. Clinton's best hope for countering that argument would be to pull even or ahead in the popular vote.

The Clinton team also notes that the superdelegates were established in the 1980s, in the wake of successive electoral debacles, to assure that the party nominated its strongest general-election contender. If Clinton performs well in such upcoming primaries as West Virginia and Kentucky, her team argues, that will increase doubts about Obama's durability in the fall (though it has been 12 years since both states voted for a Democrat in a general election). They also hope Clinton will finish close enough to Obama to bring into the calculation the still disqualified votes of Florida and Michigan—two states that moved up their primary dates in violation of party rules and subsequently lost their delegates as a result. Should it reach a point at which the fate of those delegates would determine the outcome, that would pave the way for the scenario Democrats fear most:

3. A Fight All the Way to Denver

RESOLVING THE UNFINISHED BUSINESS of how and whether to seat the Michigan and Florida delegates could make the recent sniping between Obama and Clinton seem like back-fence chitchat. Florida's situation should be the easier of the two, because both candidates were on the ballot there and turnout was high. Michigan is another story, because Obama's name didn't appear on the ballot. Clinton's team is saying she won't agree to any resolution in either state that would dilute her delegate totals, a position that could lead to a summerlong brawl if her team sticks with it to the end.

That would mean that for the first time since 1972, the party could open its national convention without a nominee-designate. Right now the fate of the Florida and Michigan delegations rests with the party's rules and bylaws committee, a group of fewer than 100 party regulars who are trying to work out a resolution. But if they don't find one before June 29, the matter moves to the credentials committee, which is nearly twice as big and even more political—and over which Howard Dean will hold relatively little power. Imagine that: after a year of record-shattering turnout, the party's nominee could be chosen in a smoke-filled room—in July. If it comes to that, at least one person will be smiling: John McCain.

The Page

BY MARK HALPERIN



Mark Halperin reports from the campaign every day on thepage.time.com

Lingering Doubts About Obama

1 Can he win enough white working-class voters in the big swing states to beat John McCain?

The Pennsylvania primary confirmed that Barack Obama is struggling to capture these crucial, classic swing voters. His campaign says he can compete in many of the red states won by George W. Bush, but McCain remains an option for independents in Pennsylvania, Michigan, Ohio and Florida—the Big Four that so often decide a presidential election.

2 Is he tough enough to be Commander in Chief?

Obama has denounced what he calls Karl Rove-style negative campaigning, asserting that voters are looking for a fresh brand of leadership. The Illinois Senator has never faced a rough general-election contest and on four separate primary days has failed to drive Hillary Clinton from the race, each time exhibiting a touch of entitlement and defensiveness rather than a fighting spirit.

3 Can he quell the impression that he's an elitist?

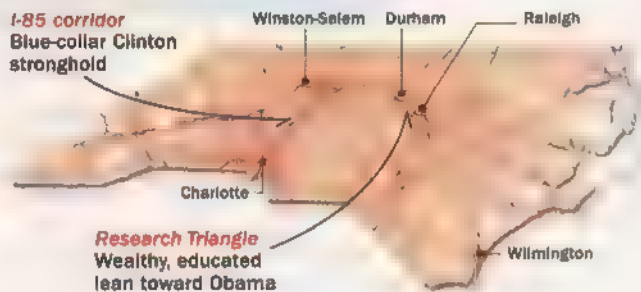
Clinton and McCain agree: Obama's remarks at a San Francisco fund raiser about "bitter" Americans who "cling" to their guns and Bibles have carved new vulnerabilities into his once hard-to-target persona. His reticent manner and trail of supercilious comments have convinced Clinton that her Democratic rival can't win a general election and have inspired 1,001 potential Republican campaign commercials.

The Next Battlegrounds

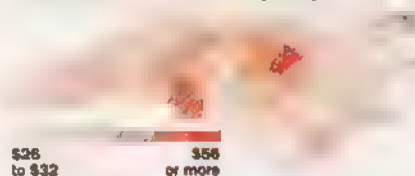
The Dems retool their games as they head to Indiana and North Carolina for the May 6 primaries. In Indiana, Clinton needs older and independent suburban voters to fend off Obama's university-town and urban strength. Her blue-collar-recruiting drive in North Carolina aims to cut Obama's double-digit lead.

NORTH CAROLINA

Pop. 9.06 million



Median annual household income, by county, in thousands

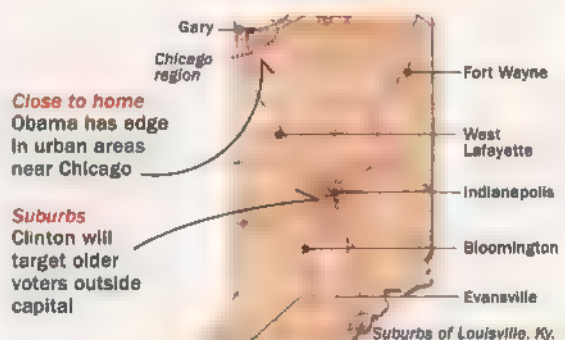


Minority population, by county

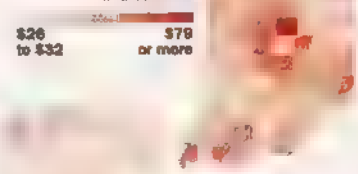


INDIANA

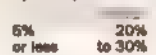
Pop. 6.35 million



Median annual household income, by county, in thousands

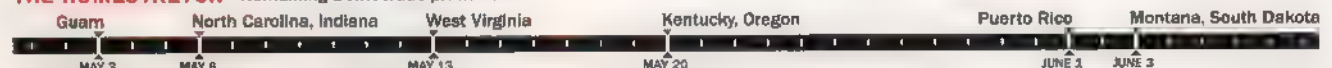


Minority population, by county



\$42,625	Median household income	\$45,394
24.8%	College graduates	21.7%
10.7%	Families below poverty level	9%
6.9%	Foreign-born population	4.2%
70.3%	White	86%
21.4%	Black	8.7%
8.3%	Other	5.3%
22.3%	Population ages 20 to 34	20.7%
12.1%	Population older than 65	12.4%

THE HOMESTRETCH Remaining Democratic primaries



Why China's Burning Mad



A virulent nationalism sweeps the country as Chinese feel slighted—by foreign media, pro-Tibet protesters, even France. Is this any way to welcome the world to the Olympics?

BY SIMON ELEGANT/BEIJING

LIKE ALL OTHER FOREIGN JOURNALISTS in China, I get my share of criticism from Chinese readers, mostly about my stories on TIME's website or my posts on our *China Blog*. Some of the criticism can be pretty sharp—that comes with the territory. But the opprobrium has taken on a distinctly unpleasant edge in recent weeks as a wave of nationalist anger has roiled China. "Simon, you will be hated by 1.3 billion Chinese," someone wrote in response to my blog post about the chaotic progress of the Olympic torch through London. "Hope someday someone will spit on your face. Your name will be recorded in Chinese history book forever as one of cold blooded, Hitler-type, murder's assistant."

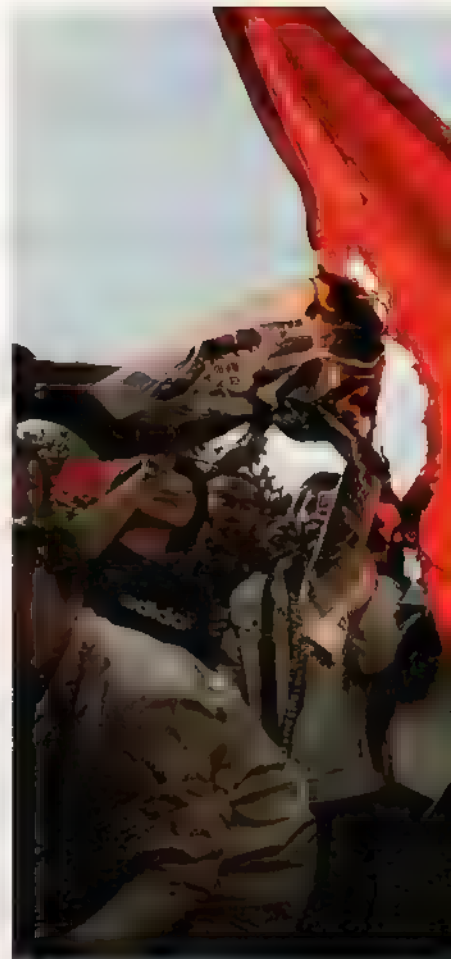
Overkill? Fellow foreign correspondents in Beijing have received much worse, including death threats credible enough to prompt some of them to move offices. The explosion of rage was initially sparked by what many Chinese perceive as biased international coverage of the bloody riots in Tibet on March 14 and the continuing crackdown by Chinese security forces that followed. Then, as the Olympic torch relay was greeted by pro-Tibet demonstrations in London, Paris and San Francisco, many Chinese felt their national honor had been besmirched. Recently, their ire has been focused specifically on France. Over the

weekend of April 19 and 20, thousands of anti-French demonstrators took to the streets in cities across China. They were apparently of the belief that French authorities had deliberately left security lax when the Olympic torch transited through Paris—out of a desire to humiliate China and interfere with Beijing's hosting of the 2008 Games. (Although the relay in London was similarly dogged by protests, the British have not been subject to such specific hostility.) The Paris city council poured oil on the flames by making the Dalai Lama an honorary citizen.

The anti-French protesters are not simply a noisy, hysterical minority; many Chinese are deeply angry about what they see as a global conspiracy to blacken their nation's good name and ruin the Olympics. That makes for a perilous moment for a country that hoped to display its best side to the world this summer, and is now dis-

'You will be hated by 1.3 billion Chinese. Hope someday someone will spit on your face.'

—ANONYMOUS BLOG POST, RESPONDING TO THE WRITER'S COMMENTARY ON TIME.COM



playing something uglier. Chinese are immensely proud of what their country has achieved in the past two or three decades and of the prestige conferred by the Olympics. But many are still insecure about the permanence of China's new position in the world and haunted by memories of past humiliations by foreigners that have been drummed into them since childhood by a government increasingly dependent on nationalism for its legitimacy.

It's testament to the fever pitch of nationalism that even iconic figures can suddenly find themselves under attack. The Paralympic fencer Jin Jing became a national hero (dubbed "the wheelchair angel" by the Chinese media) for her attempts to protect the Olympic torch from pro-Tibet protesters in Paris. But after she questioned the wisdom of a call by some nationalists on the Internet to boycott the French retail giant Carrefour, Jin found herself the subject of Internet attacks branding her "unpatriotic" and a "traitor."

So, what explains the furor? The ferocity with which the protesters turn on anybody who disagrees with them reminds some older Chinese of the dark days of Mao Zedong's Cultural Revolution, which



Inflamed sentiments Protesters set the Tricolor alight in Qingdao. Anti-French feelings have run high since the Olympic-torch relay in Paris was interrupted by pro-Tibet activists

convulsed China from 1966 to '76. Today's protesters have one thing in common with Mao's revolutionaries: years of indoctrination in a highly nationalistic—some would say xenophobic—credo that imagines a hostile and perfidious world determined to undermine China. "Maybe kids today know more about computers, about the Internet," says Dai Qing, an environmental activist who was imprisoned after the 1989 Tiananmen Square massacre, "but when it comes to history, the education they get is the same."

The doctrine was reinforced after the Tiananmen protests. Deng Xiaoping, then China's leader, declared in a speech to the nation's military leadership that the cause of the unrest was that political education had been ignored. In the months and years that followed, the government created new textbooks that emphasized both the glories of Chinese culture and the century of humiliation at the hands of foreigners that began with the Opium War in 1839. That patriotic education extended beyond schools to include television, film and the news media. "Whenever there's a crisis, the same narrative of Chinese history emerges," says William Callahan, an ex-

pert on Chinese nationalism at the University of Manchester in the U.K. "Not just in the official statements but now in the popular responses as you saw in Tibet. [The Chinese say,] 'Foreigners can't intervene, because we were humiliated before.'"

Having effectively abandoned the Marxist-Leninist ideology that was once its bedrock, China's Communist Party now draws its mandate to govern from two sources—economic growth and nationalist pride. The trouble with nationalism, though, is that it's difficult to control. What starts as criticism of the foreign can quickly swing to domestic targets. One of modern China's defining events was the May 4, 1919, student protest, which began as an expression of nationalist ire over China's treatment by foreign powers in the run-up to the Versailles Treaty but then turned into an antigovernment movement. Could today's protests take a similar turn? Plenty of Chinese have grouches about their rulers. Huang Jing, a visiting China scholar at the National University of Singapore's East Asian Institute, says public dissatisfaction could spill over into issues ranging from soaring inflation, the plunging stock market and rampant

official corruption. If the government "lets nationalism keep rising unchecked, it could suddenly find its own position threatened," Huang says.

An immediate risk is that China could still be awash in antforeigner sentiment in August, when Beijing will welcome the world for the Olympic Games. It would take only a couple of instances of violence against foreigners to undo years of official campaigns to make the capital extra-hospitable—coaxing Beijingers to learn English and stop spitting in the streets, for example.

The danger isn't just domestic. Susan Shirk, an expert on Chinese politics at the University of California at San Diego and the author of the 2007 book *China: Fragile Superpower*, believes that the protests in China radically reduce the room Chinese leaders have to compromise when it comes to international issues. If Beijing is constantly under pressure to show its domestic audience that it is the dominant partner in foreign relations, "it will be difficult for China to go back to being a calm, cooperative, mature, responsible power," says Shirk.

This is an especially bad time for China to be showing a hostile face to the world. Polls indicate that China's international reputation has taken a beating recently. A *Financial Times*/Harris poll of Europeans revealed that China is considered the biggest threat to world stability, replacing the U.S. And a Zogby Interactive poll found that 70% of Americans surveyed believed that because of China's poor human-rights record, it was wrong to give the Games to Beijing.

Well aware of the dangers that uncontrolled nationalism poses both domestically and internationally, Beijing has already begun clamping down, with senior ministers appealing for calm on radio and television. Will angry Chinese calm down simply because their leaders tell them to? So far, Beijing has been spared the most visible displays of rage seen in secondary cities like Wuhan and Qingdao. But on April 19, a convoy of a dozen cars bearing banners condemning France and opposing Tibetan independence slowly cruised by the French school in Beijing, where students were inside taking exams. My children are at a different school, but the display still gave me the chills. With China's nationalist tiger untethered, a foreign journalist may have more to fear than angry messages on a blog. —WITH REPORTING BY AUSTIN RAMZY/BEIJING ■

To Lose Face, Or Lose Contracts?

France's criticism of China recalls its anti-U.S. stance on Iraq, but with hints of vulnerability and ambivalence

THE CARTOON IN THE *INTERNATIONAL Herald Tribune* said it all. It depicted Chinese leaders saying: "From now on, French fries are 'communist fries!'" as an angry crowd demonstrated in front of a French megastore in China. From tilting against the U.S. in 2003 to challenging China now, is France becoming the world's default Don Quixote? Five years ago Paris flamboyantly opposed the war of the American "hyperpower" in Iraq; now it opposes human-rights violations committed in Tibet by tomorrow's superpower, China. The parallel undeniably flatters the French ego, since it suggests the supremacy of ethics over realpolitik in French diplomacy. But the reality is slightly more complex.

In opposing the U.S. over Iraq, France was too direct: undeniably right in content, but probably wrong in style. Americans, deeply wounded by the shock of 9/11, felt betrayed by their old and passionately difficult ally. Today, in contrast, France's positions toward China draw offense through their very lack of clarity. The murkiness reflects France's contradictions and renders France—the first Western country to open a dialogue with communist China in the early '60s—particularly vulnerable to China's pressures. Nicolas Sarkozy, France's new President, seems caught between his desire to show that he is not the prisoner of industrial lobbies and his deep concern for the future of numerous French contracts with China. He runs the risk of falling between two stools and giving the unsettling impression that his foreign policy is both hypocritical and incoherent.

The Chinese have singled out France as the ideal place to post their defiant message to the world: 'You have to respect us because we are a big player now!'

The Chinese have been quick to perceive and exploit France's vulnerabilities. The demonstrations against the Olympic torch were as spectacular in London and San Francisco as they were in Paris. Yet the Chinese have singled out France as the ideal place to post their defiant message to the world. "You have to respect us



because we are a big player now!" China seems to say. "We have become stronger as you became weaker; you need the oxygen of our huge markets and the support of our financial institutions."

For Beijing to home in on Paris was only natural. France's stance toward China in recent weeks has been a combination of high visibility, high vulnerability and low clarity. Under Sarkozy, France has returned to being a high profile international actor, a country which, as it happens, will hold the presidency of the European Union at the time of the Olympic Games. But with a large trade deficit with China, and with big projects hanging in the balance, can France in 2008 really take the risk of offending China? Beijing is convinced that Paris would rather lose face than lose contracts.

The voice of France has also been

particularly difficult to follow and understand—and not only for the Chinese. After all, who speaks for France? The Secretary of State for Human Rights, Rama Yade, who reportedly suggested that there would have to be "conditions" if Sarkozy was to attend the Olympics? The Foreign Minister, Bernard Kouchner, who has

remained discreet on the subject? Or the French President, who tends to express himself on the matter with all the clarity of a sphinx? The diversity of voices characteristic of a true democracy is difficult to grasp for a nondemocratic culture. The Socialist Mayor of Paris, Bertrand Delanoë, made the Dalai Lama and Hu Jia, a prominent Chinese dissident, honorary citizens of his city at the very moment French official envoys were in China to make nice. Though the mayor's move was designed to embarrass the French President as much as to express support for human rights, Chinese leaders spontaneously read it as a coordinated instance of French schizophrenia.

Yet one has the impression that France has, in fact, already chosen commercial interests over human rights. This is a choice most countries tend to make. Stalin famously quipped, "The Pope? How many divisions has he got?" To plagiarize his formula today, one would say: "The Dalai Lama—how many contracts?" The Chinese, however, should not be too quick to celebrate their victory over hypocritical and mercantile democracies. The soft power of China—its ability to lead by example because people seek to emulate its success—has been seriously bruised in the last few weeks. And the Chinese leadership knows that their country needs the world as much as the world needs China.

Moisi is a senior adviser at the French Institute of International Relations

Act Now, Eat Later

The world saw it coming but did little. Now the global food shortage has become a crisis. Here's how to end it

THE WORLD ECONOMY HAS RUN INTO A brick wall. Despite countless warnings in recent years about the need to address a looming hunger crisis in poor countries and a looming energy crisis worldwide, world leaders failed to think ahead. The result is a global food crisis. Wheat, corn and rice prices have more than doubled in the past two years, and oil prices have more than tripled since the start of 2004. These food-price increases, combined with soaring energy costs, will slow if not stop economic growth in many parts of the world and will even undermine political stability, as evidenced by the protest riots that have erupted in places like Haiti, Bangladesh and Burkina Faso. Practical solutions to these growing woes do exist, but we'll have to start thinking ahead and acting globally.

The crisis has its roots in four interlinked trends. The first is the chronically low productivity of farmers in the poorest countries, caused by their inability to pay for seeds, fertilizers and irrigation. The second is the misguided policy in the U.S. and Europe of subsidizing the diversion of food crops to produce biofuels like corn-based ethanol. The third is climate change; take the recent droughts in Australia and Europe, which cut the global production of grain in 2005 and '06. The fourth is the growing global demand for food and feed grains brought on by swelling populations and incomes. In short, rising demand has hit a limited supply, with the poor taking the hardest blow.

So, what should be done? Here are three steps to ease the current crisis and avert the potential for a global disaster. The first is to scale-up the dramatic success of Malawi, a famine-prone country

Three Steps to Fix the World Food Crisis



1 Give farmers in poor countries access to high-yield seeds and fertilizer. An international fund to help farmers buy the tools they need to sustain their crops would cost the developed world just \$10 per person annually



2 Stop the biofuel nonsense. Much as we need alternative forms of fuel, paying our farmers to fill our gas tanks with their crops is a foolish policy—with catastrophic results for the world



3 Help farmers protect crops from drought and other disasters. Some simple safeguards, like this rain-collecting pond, can make the difference between a bountiful harvest and a drought-induced famine

in southern Africa, which three years ago established a special fund to help its farmers get fertilizer and high-yield seeds. Malawi's harvest doubled after just one year. An international fund based on the Malawi model would cost a mere \$10 per person annually in the rich world, or \$10 billion in all. Such a fund could fight hunger as effectively as the Global Fund to Fight AIDS, TB and Malaria is controlling those diseases.

Second, the U.S. and Europe should abandon their policies of subsidizing the conversion of food into biofuels. The U.S. government gives farmers a taxpayer-financed subsidy of 51¢ per gal. of ethanol to divert corn from the food and feed-grain supply. There may be a case for biofuels produced on lands that do not produce foods—tree crops (like palm oil), grasses and wood products—but there's no case for doling out subsidies to put the world's dinner into the gas tank.

Third, we urgently need to weather-proof the world's crops as soon and as effectively as possible. For a poor farmer, sometimes something as simple as a farm pond—which collects rainwater to be used for emergency irrigation in a dry spell—can make the difference between a bountiful crop and a famine. The world has already committed to establishing a Climate Adaptation Fund to help poor regions climate-proof vital economic activities such as food production and health care but has not yet acted upon the promise.

What is true for food will be true for energy, water and other increasingly scarce resources. We can combat these problems—as long as we act rapidly. New energy sources like solar thermal power and new energy-saving technologies like plug-in hybrid automobiles can be developed and mobilized within a few years. Environmentally sound fish-farming can relieve pressures on the oceans. The food crisis provides not only a warning but also an opportunity. We need to invest vastly more in sustainable development in order to achieve true global security and economic growth.

Practical solutions to the world's food woes do exist, but we'll have to start thinking ahead and acting globally

The Sins Of the Fathers

The raid on a polygamist sect in Texas has separated children from mothers and highlighted the tension between religion and the law

BY DAVID VON DREHLE

DAVID WILLIAMS MET THE modern world in a little town square shaded by pecan and oak trees in remote West Texas, and it was hard to know which found the other more bewildering. The 32-year-old welder wore his hair slicked in a bygone style and sometimes stammered as he spoke in a flat monotone about prophets and the trials sent by God to test him. His cryptic words were directed to a group of people holding television cameras and microphones and tape recorders, people whose impressions of Williams then flashed by satellite and digital relays to households around the world.

Williams had driven 1,200 miles (1,900 km) to Eldorado, Texas, in the hope that a brief encounter with modernity would allow him—and others like him—to push it once more far from his life. He is a believer in an antique and renegade Mormon sect that has endeavored for more than a century to keep polygamy alive in North America. His three sons were among the 437 children removed in early April from the sect's ranch in Texas, and Williams was doing his part to get them back.

But as he and other men of the sect tried to explain themselves to the 21st century, it was as if no common language existed. One man, who gave his name only

Mothering matters The butt of jokes for its fashion, the sect took on the media with an emotional blitz of bereft women



as Rulon, declared, "We have broken no laws"—though the laws against having multiple wives are more than a century old. "I am a loving and honorable father," said Williams—though he has not seen his children in years, by order of the sect's leader, Warren Jeffs. Asked how he can revere Jeffs as a prophet even after the man drove him from his home, his family and the community he grew up in, Williams first spoke of a "test" he was given, but then words failed him. "I don't... I don't... without the full truth being understood, putting a small amount of information in it does not complete a whole picture," he said. "So I will not get into that."

And that's the whole strange, sad story in a nutshell. Two worlds have collided: the one most of us live in and the separate reality long nurtured in remote enclaves by sects of Mormon fundamentalists. The rest of the U.S. was both appalled and fascinated after Texas authorities raided the Yearning for Zion (YFZ) ranch in Eldorado, Texas, on April 3, gawking at the sight of women seemingly dressed for *Little House on the Prairie*, whose modest appearance was jarring with their sexually aberrant lifestyle. First came the jokes, then some hard realities sank in. Hundreds of children were being separated from the only families they ever knew. Shuttled from one temporary facility to another, they are now being dispersed throughout Texas' already overtaxed foster-care system, from the Panhandle all the way to Houston. Why? Because an anonymous call from inside the ranch alleged that the kids were in danger of physical and emotional abuse, given the ranch culture of young girls, older men and arranged marriages. Nearly a month after the raid, the complicated criminal investigation continues, and the only public details of the alleged child abuse involve several teenage mothers found at the ranch who were described in a request for a second search warrant, a request quickly granted by the judge in the case.

This is the latest scene in a long saga. In the late 19th century, the U.S. government told the Latter-Day Saints that the price of admission to a rich American future was the renunciation of polygamy. The official church and the vast majority of Mormons were happy to come along, but not these few. All these years later, words fail. Modernity comes speaking the language of women's rights, of the dignity and self-determination of children, of limits on the authority of fathers—and even on the authority of prophets. For people who have chosen to sit the last century out, this doesn't compute.

Nor does the state of Texas seem to understand, entirely, what it's dealing with.



A childless compound The sect shows the press empty bunks, top; Williams in Eldorado for DNA testing

At first glance, the YFZ ranch has the look of other compounds built by apocalyptic cults led by charismatic tyrants. But this is a group with a tangled history many generations deep. Renegade sects have kept polygamy alive by settling far from neighbors in places like the desert canyon lands of Utah and Arizona, the villages of northern Mexico and the alpine valleys of western Canada. They have intermarried and interbred to the point that, in the words of author Jon Krakauer, their "relationships are almost impossible to make

sense of without a flowchart." One figure in Krakauer's best-selling history of the sects, *Under the Banner of Heaven*, was both "sister wife" to her stepmother and step-grandmother to herself. They are insular and suspicious. Williams did manage to get that much across in his meeting with the media. "What honorable father and parent would not give their all to preserve their children from a traumatic, hostile to them, even abhorrent society?" he asked. "What honorable father and parent would not give their all to protect the innocence of their children?" In 1953 authorities tried to root out the fathers and rescue the children, but after a couple of years of costly court cases and a tide of public opinion in favor of keeping families together—no matter



how unconventional—the two worlds essentially agreed to ignore each other.

The families are trying similar tactics this time. They have created websites rich with photographs of tearful mothers, menacing deputies and frightened kids. All they desire, one site explains, is “the privilege of worshiping God as guaranteed by the Constitution.” But live and let live is more complicated now because the buffers have disappeared. The verge of the Grand Canyon is no longer the middle of nowhere—it’s the bridge from Lake Powell to Las Vegas. The jealousies and rivalries that have always boiled through polygamous communities now have ways of commanding attention. Secrets are getting out. And those alleged secrets—which

Anguish and silence A woman named Amy, top, recalls how police took her kids; the shoes they left behind

range from child abuse and welfare fraud to tax evasion—have become too numerous to overlook any longer. It’s hard to find a place anymore where the law will ignore you while you blatantly ignore the law.

The prophet of the Y2 ranch is himself in prison. For several years, Jeffs, head of the Fundamentalist Church of Latter Day Saints (FLDS), directed his flock and arranged “celestial marriages” (no man with fewer than three wives can attain the Kingdom of God, the FLDS believes) as a fugitive from the law. But he was arrested in 2006 in Las

‘What honorable father and parent would not give their all to protect the innocence of their children?’

—DAVID WILLIAMS,
A SECT MEMBER ORDERED TO
“REPENT FROM A DISTANCE”

Vegas and convicted last year in St. George, Utah—not on polygamy charges, which have been difficult to prosecute in court, but on charges of being an accomplice to rape after commanding an underage follower to marry an older man against her wishes. The Eldorado prosecution follows from that case: a fresh allegation concerning an underage, unwilling bride pushed authorities to crack down hard.

The government calls it a matter of child welfare; the sect calls it religious persecution. Caught in the middle is Texas judge Barbara Walther, who was asked to weigh requests from the parents to hold twice-daily prayer meetings with the children and to reunite nursing mothers with the 77 kids who are under age 2. Prosecutors worried that the prayer meetings might be used to influence the children “in a way to impede the ongoing investigation,” but Walther’s suggestion that mainstream Mormons might serve as neutral monitors was turned down flat by the official church. Church spokesman Scott Trotter told the *Salt Lake Tribune* that the beliefs of the FLDS long ago diverged from orthodox Mormonism and, “in fact, many in these isolated communities view us with some hostility as part of the outside world they have rejected.” For the nursing mothers, the judge offered a lesson in contemporary feminism: “Every day in this country there are thousands of mothers who, after six weeks’ maternity leave, must go back to work—and they deal with this issue.”

Wreckage from this collision won’t be tidied up anytime soon. Walther has placed her trust in the modern science of DNA—Williams was among the men who went to Eldorado to have his mouth swabbed for a sample. Mapping the intricately interwoven gene pool of the FLDS won’t solve her most immediate dilemma, though. Until investigators determine what did take place on the ranch, the judge will be left in the same troubled place where she began: with a lot of mothers who love their babies, and children who miss their homes, all caught between a world they fear and a world that is unraveling. —REPORTED BY HILARY HYLTON/ELDORADO



PORTFOLIO

The First 60 Years

An Israeli photojournalist captures the rich history of a nation driven by hope and faith, marked by war, and still struggling fitfully toward a normal existence

BY TIM MCGIRK AND DAVID RUBINGER



Basic training

During Israel's war of independence, all its young men and women practiced essential military skills, such as throwing hand grenades

ars

Awestruck

In Rubinger's best-known image, Israeli paratroopers stare at the Western Wall after reclaiming it from Arab forces during the Six-Day War, 1967

DAVID RUBINGER BOUGHT HIS FIRST Leica camera in 1946 for 200 cigarettes and a can of coffee. For a poor Jewish soldier in the British army, that was a fortune. But today, Israel is certainly the richer for it: Rubinger has focused his compassionate eye on the human dramas and towering personalities that have shaped Israel's 60 years since independence. His photos, many of them shot on assignment for *TIME*, do not just record Israel's history; they capture the myriad facets of Jewish identity.

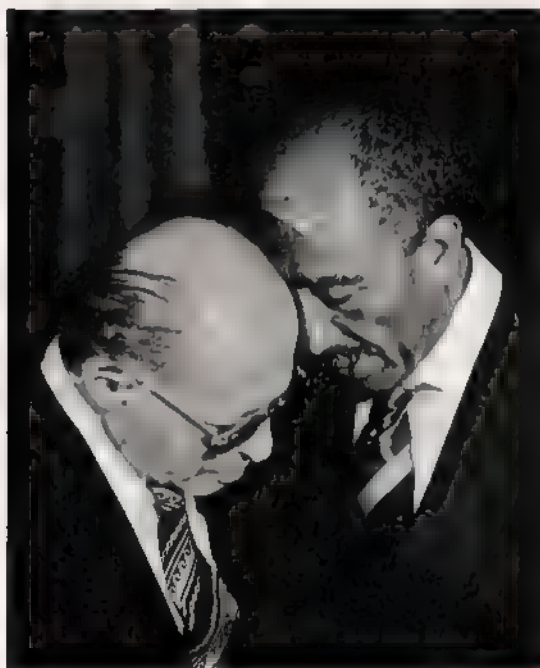
Rubinger, now aged 83, is on his seventh Leica and still snapping away. Apart from a period during the war of independence in 1948, when he put aside his camera for a gun, he has photographed Israel's tumultuous ups and downs; its wars and (all too brief) stretches of peace; its immigrants, soldiers and settlers.

Sitting in his den on a leafy Jerusalem lane, Rubinger displays a collection of his most memorable images. There is his iconic shot of three grimy but awestruck Israeli soldiers staring in wonder at the Western Wall, Judaism's most sacred place, which they have just liberated. "There was such a euphoria of survival after the war," he recalls. "But it brought on the first seeds of messianism. Israelis started to say 'Who are we to give away this [captured] land, this gift of God?'" That was the turning point, says Rubinger. "Religious extremists on both sides think that God is with them."

On his computer screen, Rubinger clicks back to earlier photos from Israel's painful birth: a joyous swarm of men waving an Israeli flag on top of a British armored vehicle after the U.N. has



announced its decision to set up a Jewish state; a fiercely beautiful Israeli woman soldier throwing a grenade; poor Moroccan migrants as they glimpse Israel from a ship's deck; a gaunt refugee bringing home live chickens for the Sabbath meal; David Ben-Gurion looking like a defiant Moses. Yitzhak Rabin, Moshe Dayan, Golda Meir, Ariel Sharon—Rubinger photographed them all in unguarded moments, stripped of the trappings of high office. He catches Meir worrying about a pot on the stove; Menachem Begin on an airplane, bending over to help his wife put on her shoe; the great warrior Dayan gazing at his formidable father Shmuel with a mixture of reverence and rebellion.



Hope and fury

Moroccan migrants rejoice as their ship approaches Haifa in 1962, near right; Palestinians protesting in Ramallah in 1988, far right

Art of politics

Menachem Begin and Anwar Sadat in 1980, above left; Marc Chagall and Golda Meir at the unveiling of Chagall's tapestries, Knesset, 1969, bottom left







Israel in Focus

To see more images that Rubinger has captured in the past 60 years, go to time.com/Israel



Locus of faith

Pope John Paul II stands before the Western Wall, Judaism's most sacred site, during his first visit to Jerusalem in March 2000



The front line

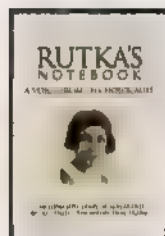
Medics tend to wounded soldiers at a makeshift first-aid station in the Golan Heights during the October War, 1973

In many ways, Rubinger's history parallels that of Israel. Born in 1924 in Vienna, he became a Zionist socialist and migrated to Palestine, escaping the Holocaust, which consumed his mother and many relatives. After the war for independence—or as Palestinians call it, *al naqba*, the disaster—Rubinger was too much of a maverick to be anything but a photojournalist. His first internationally published shots were of a small diplomatic incident: a patient in a Catholic hospital on the Green Line had dropped her false teeth out the window onto the Jordanian side, and after much negotiation, the nuns were allowed to cross over and search for them. Rubinger's shot is of a nun triumphantly holding up the lost dentures. His epic pictures came later, and Rubinger's puckish charm, humor and uncanny instinct for being in the right place when news happens were nearly as instrumental to his success as his artistic eye.

Looking back, Rubinger sees a worrying shift in Israeli thinking. He recalls a Hebrew poet writing that to be normal, a Jewish state needed "thieves and whores" like everywhere else. "Well, we have our thieves and whores," says Rubinger, "but our politicians have made us fearful. They brought back the ghetto mentality, the idea that everybody's trying to kill us. Ben-Gurion and the other founders wanted to get away from that. They wanted Israelis to be normal." The beauty of Rubinger's photos is that by revealing Israel's extraordinary days, its glory and despair, its arrogance and insecurity, he has unveiled the Jewish nation's deepest yearning: to be accepted like any other country. ■

Poland's Anne Frank.

The newly uncovered diary of a Jewish girl living under Nazi occupation is a poignant account of stark brutality and teenage desire



Rutka Laskier lived in Bedzin, Poland, with her parents, grandmother and brother. Her journal, covering four months in 1943, provides a rare glimpse of the daily life of Jews under Nazi rule. The diary was found after World War II by a friend—who kept it to herself for 60 years before allowing it to be published, initially in Polish, in 2006. A selection of entries:

Feb. 5, 1943

THE ROPE AROUND US IS GETTING TIGHTER and tighter. Next month there should already be a ghetto, a real one, surrounded by walls. In the summer it will be unbearable. To sit in a gray locked cage, without being able to see fields and flowers. Last year I used to go to the fields; I always had many flowers, and it reminded me that one day it would be possible to go to Malachowska Street without taking the risk of being deported. Being able to go to the cinema in the evening. I'm already so "flooded" with the atrocities of the war that even the worst reports have no effect on me. I simply can't believe that one day I'll be able to leave the house without the yellow star. Or even that this war will end one day ... If this happens, I will probably lose my mind from joy.

But now I need to think about the near

future, which is the ghetto. Then it will be impossible to see anyone, neither Micka, who lives in Kamionka C, nor Janek, who lives in D, and not Nica, who lives in D. And then what will happen?

Oh, good Lord. Well, Rutka, you've probably gone completely crazy. You are calling upon God as if He exists. The little faith I used to have has been completely shattered. If God existed, He would have certainly not permitted that human beings be thrown alive into furnaces, and the heads of little toddlers be smashed with butts of guns or be shoved into sacks and gassed to death ... It sounds like a fairy tale. Those who haven't seen this would never believe it. But it's not a legend; it's the truth. Or the time when they beat an old man until he became unconscious, because he didn't cross the street properly. This is already absurd; it's nothing, as long as there won't be Auschwitz ... and a green card ... The end ... When will it come? ...

Feb. 6, 1943

SOMETHING HAS BROKEN IN ME WHEN I pass by a German, everything shrinks in me. I don't know whether it is out of fear or hatred. I would like to torture them, their women and children, who set their doggies on us, to beat and strangle them vigorously, more and more. When will

this day arrive which Nica talked about ... that's one matter.

And now another matter. I think my womanhood has awoken in me. That means, yesterday when I was taking a bath and the water stroked my body, I longed for someone's hands to stroke me ... I didn't know what it was, I have never had such sensations until now ...

I met Micka today. I don't know with what these "dubious" lovers attract her, to the point that she refuses to get into a quarrel with them. They are so dazzled by her and think that every boy should be in love with her. Of course, I ascribe this to Janek, but Janek finds her disgusting (I don't know why). I think Janek likes me very much. But it doesn't matter to me, either way.

Today, I recalled in detail the day of Aug. 12, 1942. I'll try to describe that day so that in a few years, of course if I'm not deported, I'll be able to remember it. We got up at 4 o'clock in the morning. We had a great breakfast (considering it was wartime): eggs, salad, real butter, coffee with milk. When we were ... ready, it was already half past 5, and then we left. There were thousands of people on the road. Every once in a while we had to stop, in order to let the crowd in front of us proceed.

At half past 6, we were in place. We



Marked for doom A page from the diary, far left; Rutka's hometown of Bedzin, left, under German occupation; an undated picture of Rutka with her mother Dvorah, above

managed to get quite good seats on a bench. We were in a pretty good mood until 9 o'clock. Then I looked beyond the fence and I saw soldiers with machine guns aimed at the square in case someone tried to escape (how could you possibly escape from here?). People fainted, children cried. In short—Judgment Day.

People were thirsty, and there was not a single drop of water around ... Then ... it started pouring. The rain didn't stop. At 3 o'clock Kuczynsky arrived and the selection started. "1" meant returning home, "2a" meant going to labor, which was even worse than deportation, "2" meant going for further inspection, and "3" meant deportation, in other words, death.

Then I saw what disaster meant. We reported for selection at 4 o'clock. Mom, Dad and my little brother were sent to group 1, and I was sent to 2a. I walked as if I were stunned ... The weirdest thing was that we didn't cry at all, AT ALL ... Later on, I saw many more disasters. I can't put it in words. Little children were lying on the wet grass, the storm raging above our heads. The policemen beat them ferociously and also shot them.

I sat there until 1 o'clock at night. Then I ran away. My heart pounded. I jumped out of a window from the first floor of a small building, and nothing happened to me. Only my lips were bitten so bad that

they bled ... When I was already on the street, I ran into someone "in uniform," and I felt that I couldn't take it anymore. My head was spinning. I was pretty sure he was going to beat me ... but apparently he was drunk and didn't see the "yellow star," and he let me go.

Around me it was dark like in a closed cabin. From time to time flashes of lightning lightened the sky ... and it thundered. The journey that normally takes me half an hour I did in 10 minutes. Everybody was at home except Grandma, whom Dad released and brought home the next day ...

Oh, I forgot the most important thing. I saw how a soldier tore a baby, who was only a few months old, out of its mother's hands and bashed his head against an electric pylon. The baby's brain splashed on the wood. The mother went crazy.

I am writing this as if nothing has happened. As if I were in an army experienced in cruelty. But I'm young, I'm 14, and I haven't seen much in my life, and I'm already so indifferent. Now I am terrified when I see "uniforms." I'm turning into an animal waiting to die ...

Now to everyday matters: Janek came by this afternoon. We had to sit in the kitchen ... I told him that I had given away all my photographs. He got very upset. We were joking around; we spoke about "Nica and the gang." While we were talking

he suddenly blurted out he'd like it very much if he could kiss me. I said "maybe" and continued the conversation. He was a bit confused; he thought I was Tusia or Hala Zelinger. I would have allowed [myself] to be kissed only by the person I loved, and I feel indifferent towards him.

Then Dad sent me to deal with something. I had to leave. Janek accompanied me. While going downstairs I asked him, is kissing such a pleasant thing? And then I told him that I had already kissed before, what a taste it has (that's completely true). He burst out laughing. (He has a nice laugh, I must admit.) He said he was curious too. Maybe, but I won't let him kiss me. I'm afraid it would destroy something beautiful, pure ... I'm also afraid that I'll be very disappointed.

Feb. 15, 1943, Monday

I HAVEN'T WRITTEN IN A WHILE. AND there was nothing to write about. Maybe just the fact that the Germans have retreated from the Eastern front, which may signal the nearing of the end of the war. I'm only afraid that we, the Jews, will be finished before ...

But how shrewd am I, I have written already so much about the war and nothing about myself. Janek hasn't been seen since Wednesday. I must admit that I miss him, I mean, not him but his forehead. He has a wonderful white forehead ...

... I'm curious if Jurek is still in love with Tusia. Actually, he's a good guy. I like him, but not in the same way I like Mietek. With Mulek you can talk and forget about the sex difference, and I like that very much. When you talk to Janek, he is always very polite, reserved, just waiting for the moment he can help me with something and in that way, show me his superiority. Oh, him and his superiority! I can't stand it, that's why I liked Lolek. Actually, I still like him, but I haven't seen him in a while.

I plan to go to Lolek in order to get the book "P.P." I heard it's great. It would be a great opportunity also to talk with Tuska about Rozka. I hate those two; I hate Rozka even more than Tuska. I had an argument with Tuska but it was for her own good. I saw how jealous she was (though at that time I didn't understand that). She was afraid to leave me alone in the room with Janek. I made a scene and we fell out. She was basically very pleased with it. And one more thing: I have decided to let Janek kiss me. Eventually, someone will kiss me for the first time, so let it be Janek. I do like him. ■

In August, the Laskiers were sent to Auschwitz, where Rutka and her mother, grandmother and brother were all killed.



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How Does the Garden Grow?

Eco-friendly, hopefully—but only if you take care to conserve water, use native plants and keep it organic



GARDENS MAY BE GREEN—BUT THEY'RE not always eco-friendly. American lawns and gardens drink up H_2O at alarming rates, especially in the dry West, where more than 50% of residential water is used for landscaping. Chemical fertilizers and pesticides can damage the land as well. But xeriscaping (pronounced *zeer-i-skay-ping*), a term that means "dry landscaping," is becoming increasingly popular. "We're getting the message that homeowners aren't interested in environmentally irresponsible things," says Joel Lerner, founder of Maryland-based landscaping firm Environmental Design. Here's how you can have a garden that's green—in both senses of the word. ■

HOW TO GREEN YOUR GARDEN

Xeriscaping done right is sustainable and attractive, but accomplishing it requires a few additional steps

Ration your turf

Grass takes water, so think about limiting your lawn to areas that really need it and covering heavily trafficked spots with decks or walkways. Pick a water efficient grass too

Mulch away

Mulching—spreading material like wood chips or stone around plants—helps reduce evaporation, essential in xeriscaping

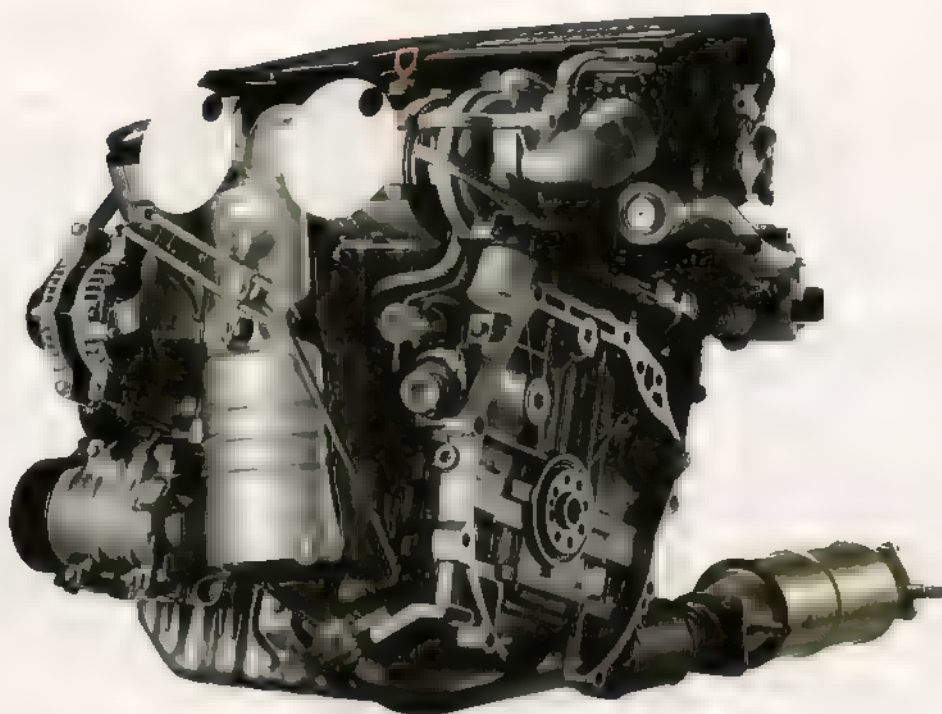
Count your drips

Even xeriscaped gardens need irrigation, especially in their early stages, but rarely as much as you think. Use a drip emitter, which supplies moisture more efficiently

Anoint your soil

Try adding 3 in. to 5 in. (8 cm to 13 cm) of organic material—like compost—to the top of your soil, then till it as deeply as possible to support growth

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HONDA
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Dollar Watch

To read Justin Fox's daily take on business and the economy, go to time.com/curiouscapitalist

Double-Talking the Dollar

The greenback wilts as its bosses trumpet its muscularity. Just how strong should the buck be?

ON THOSE AWKWARD OCCASIONS WHEN he is asked about his nation's currency, President George W. Bush has a simple response. "We believe in a strong-dollar policy," he'll say—or words to that effect. For his Treasury Secretary, Hank Paulson, the mantra is, "A strong dollar is in our nation's interest."

The dollar hasn't been paying much attention, apparently. It has lost 41% of its value against the euro, its main global competitor, since Bush took office in 2001. And Paulson, when he's not busy battling financial crises here, can usually be found in China beseeching the authorities there to let their currency rise against the dollar.

It should be pretty obvious, then, that the U.S. doesn't have a strong dollar policy. What's more, it almost certainly shouldn't have one. The huge trade deficits that the U.S. has been running for the past decade seem like a pretty good indication that the dollar was overvalued in global currency markets and needed to come down.

So why do Bush and Paulson keep saying they're in favor of a strong dollar? Well, the last time a top U.S. official tried to talk halfway honestly about what kind of currency he wanted—then Treasury Secretary Paul O'Neill in 2001—he spooked markets and was criticized mercilessly.

The strong-dollar mantra was originated by O'Neill predecessor Robert Rubin in the mid-1990s precisely to avoid such

confusion. "It was boring, it was dull, it was repetitive, it was nonintellectual, and it worked like a charm," is how Alan Greenspan once described it when he was Fed chairman. "By not varying the statement, an issue never arose about whether a comment involved a subtle change or not in the policy toward the dollar."

And there hasn't really been a significant change in dollar policy post Rubin. In the 1970s and '80s, the Treasury Depart-

ment to do with fundamentals. They overshoot their correct values, in part because nobody is ever sure exactly what those correct values are. In this medium-term cycle, it's just as bad to have an overvalued currency as an undervalued one. Worse, actually, because it means a fall is inevitable.

When your currency is in the declining part of the cycle, as the dollar has been since 2002, that puts upward pressure on inflation, spooks investors and generally leaves people feeling cranky. It eventually gives an important boost to the economy by stimulating exports, but that takes years. During an upswing, by contrast, everything feels good. But it's the downswing that makes the upswing possible.

The difficulty is that it's hard to distinguish a cyclical downswing that's clearing the way for good times ahead from the wheezing of a currency and a nation in decline. Pessimists look at the budget deficits being run by the Bush Administration and the easy-money policies of the Federal Reserve and see a dollar that will never recover,

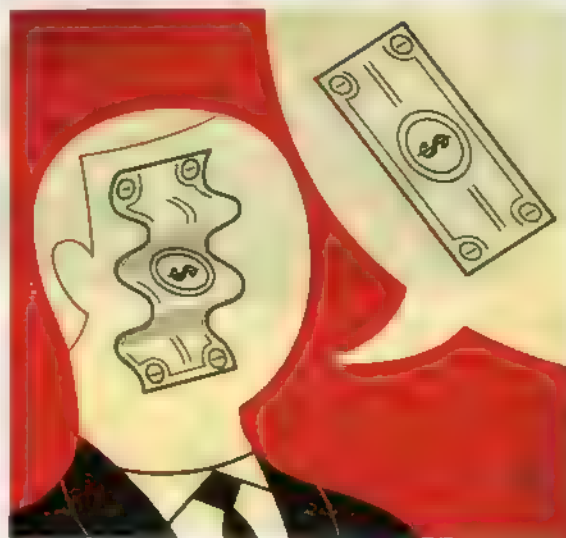
leaving Americans permanently poorer. Economists who study currency movements aren't so sure. They figure the usual cyclical ups and downs are a big factor in the dollar's fall. How much of a factor? Who knows? "I try not to talk to reporters too much these days," says Menzie Chinn, a University of Wisconsin economist who is one of the leading academic currency watchers in the U.S. "Because, frankly, I'm confused."

So what should U.S. dollar policy be? Probably something along the lines of "We'd like it if the dollar got a bit cheaper, especially against the Chinese yuan and a few other Asian currencies, but then stopped falling." Can you blame the President for not wanting to say that at his next press conference?

But for years on end, currencies can move in directions that seem to have little

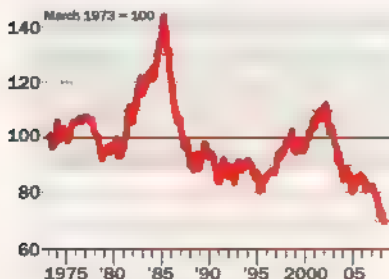
Which brings us back to the question: How strong a dollar does the U.S. actually want? Over time, a currency's value reflects an economy's fundamentals—how well a country allocates resources, how productive its workers are, how it contains inflation, etc. So in that sense, a strong currency is reflective of a strong economy. It's something any country would want.

But for years on end, currencies can move in directions that seem to have little



THE DOLLAR'S DOWNER

Trade-weighted value of the dollar vs. other major currencies



Source: Federal Reserve Board

'We go plod, plod, plod, doing what we've done for 11 generations.'

ALEXANDER HOARE, CEO OF BANK C. HOARE & CO., ON
THE ART OF FINANCIAL SURVIVAL

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Dial up Telenor
expects rapid
growth in Pakistan



TELECOMS

Long-Distance Calling. Telenor has a rich history as Norway's top phone company, but it's seeking much of its future in Asia

BY ADAM SMITH/OSLO

YOU'D EXPECT THE HEADQUARTERS OF Telenor, Norway's biggest telecom company, to reflect at least some of its Scandinavian side. Sure enough, meeting rooms are furnished with wooden floors, sleek tables and angular armchairs; there's even a breathtaking view of the Oslo Fjord. But look closer. The small silver plates and golden sculpted boats in one such room

are from Bangladesh; the green-and-gold tea set, with its five matching cups, from Thailand. And the black-and-gold rug hanging on a wall is among the finest you would find anywhere in Pakistan.

The design mix is a good metaphor for Telenor's successful business strategy. At its core, the firm is undeniably Norwegian. It's the leading fixed-line and cell phone operator in the country where it started more than 150 years ago; the government is still

the largest shareholder. But Telenor's influence extends well beyond the borders of Norway, a country of less than 5 million people. It's a big player in the telecom markets in Sweden and Denmark, and has quietly built up cell phone operations in five Central and East European countries. More surprising, though, Telenor is building its future in Asia.

Drawn by the potential for rapid growth in some of Asia's younger cell phone mar-

kets, Telenor has been expanding in the region for more than a decade. The company now has 50 million subscribers in Asia, 17 times its number in Norway. The area now accounts for some 30% of Telenor's \$17 billion in annual revenues, and will generate 36% in a couple of years, according to estimates by investment bank Dresdner Kleinwort. Asia, says Arild Nysaether, telecoms analyst at investment bank Fondsfins in Oslo, is simply "the most important part of Telenor." And it's a point not lost on bigger rivals. France Télécom, Europe's third largest operator, said in mid-April it was looking into a potential take over of Telenor, among other options. (Telenor declined to comment.)

It was the liberalization of Europe's telecom markets in the late '90s that forced Telenor abroad, in search of growth to offset stiffening domestic competition. But squared up against the region's big boys—Telefónica, say, or Deutsche Telekom—Telenor was too small to make much headway in established European markets. It "never had the firepower to go for scale in Europe along the lines pursued by others," says Martin Mabbutt, telecoms analyst at financial services group Nomura in London.

What it did have, though, was experience. Telenor adopted GSM—the global standard for digital mobile telecoms—as early as 1993, and had pioneered GSM's precursor more than a decade earlier. By the late '90s, mobile-phone penetration levels in Norway were more than double those in France and Germany, according to telecom consultancy Analysys. In light of deregulation, Telenor's savvy for nurturing a customer base from the early stages to maturity looked like its strongest export.

Asia's less developed cell phone markets soon became targets. The company launched into Bangladesh's fledgling sector in 1997 convinced, says Jon Fredrik Baksaas, Telenor's CEO, that "mobile communications are as important in this kind of society as in Scandinavia." Once Grameenphone, its business in Bangladesh, was up and running, Telenor sought fresh openings in markets offering rapid growth, and gradually accrued controlling stakes in local Thai and Malaysian operators. When Pakistan invited bids for a license to operate from 2005, Telenor jumped at the chance.

As expansion policies go, it was opportunistic. "From the beginning, we didn't necessarily look to those four countries that we have today," says Baksaas. But there's no denying it's been fruitful.

"Telenor has developed one of the best portfolios of international assets" of all Europe's major telecom firms, analysts at Citigroup wrote in a recent note. Since Telenor took control of Malaysian operator DiGi in 2001, for example, that business has expanded "from a small, niche player to one of the driving forces in the market," says Espen Torgersen, telecoms analyst at Carnegie, a Nordic investment bank. Now the third largest cell phone operator in Malaysia, DiGi's operating profits grew by a



Call forward Telenor's Baksaas is weighing more moves in Asia

third last year to \$454 million; subscriber numbers rose by a fifth to 6.4 million.

Elsewhere, Telenor's prospects appear even brighter. Subscriber numbers at Grameenphone swelled by 53% last year to 16.5 million, giving the firm half the market. In Pakistan, Telenor's user numbers more than doubled. (Back in Norway, the customer base grew by just 5%.) Yet fewer than 50% of Pakistanis own a cell phone; in Bangladesh, the rate is even lower.

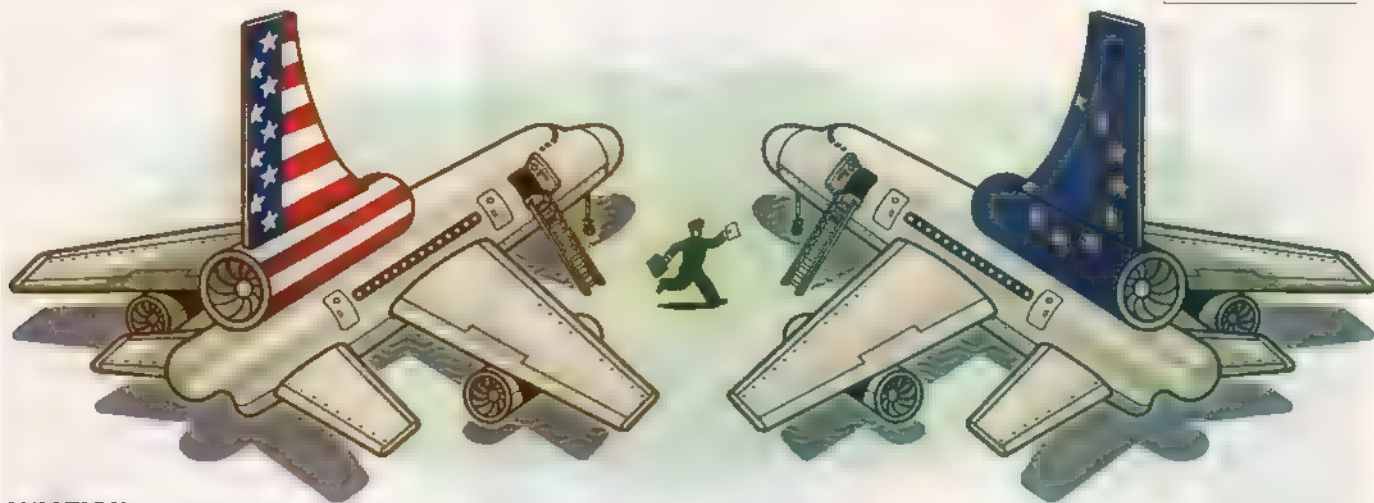
That leaves Telenor vast potential for expansion in South Asia. Meeting demand in Pakistan, where Telenor is the third largest operator with roughly a fifth of the country's market, requires adaptability. In rural Sindh province, for example, Telenor Pakistan sells cell-phone credits to women who pass them on to poor neighbors for two cents each; in urban centers, it sells young

sters SMS messaging in prepaid packages. Targeting a range of customers is bringing rewards. Sales in Pakistan almost tripled last year to \$632 million; Tore Johnsen, the Norwegian in charge of Telenor Pakistan, expects that rapid growth to continue in coming years.

But realizing potential in emerging markets doesn't come cheap. Picking up new subscribers in low-penetration markets like Pakistan means beefing up network capacity and extending coverage into new, often rural, areas. Groundwork like that established across Pakistan and Bangladesh has already cost Telenor some \$3 billion in the last three years, according to Handelsbanken. So while "we invest, and grab as much revenue as possible," says Telenor Pakistan's Johnsen, "we can't imagine that we will recover our initial investment any time soon." Powerful companies like China Mobile have recently joined Telenor in Pakistan, and Egypt's Orascom is fighting for a share both there and in Bangladesh.

The rough-and-tumble of emerging market politics can pose risks for firms like Telenor. Thailand, Pakistan and Bangladesh have all experienced political turmoil in recent years, but that has posed less trouble than unexpected tax increases. Operators were forced to subsidize a 2005 levy imposed on the sale of SIM cards in Bangladesh, for instance. And in Grameenphone's case, work with its local partner hasn't always been straightforward for Telenor. The Norwegian firm owns 62% of Grameenphone, with Grameen Telecom—part of the bank founded by Bangladeshi Nobel Peace Prize winner Muhammad Yunus—owning the rest. Yunus claims the Norwegians reneged on a deal to cede majority control a few years back. Telenor maintains no such agreement ever existed.

Still, Telenor's reception in Asia has been generally free of controversy. "Norwegians are seen as friendly people," reckons Sigve Brekke, the Norwegian CEO of Telenor's Thai operator DTAC, "from a small country far away, which is not seen as a threat." That perception could ease Telenor's way into a fresh round of expansion in Asia. "We have a lot to offer in markets where Telenor is not present for the time being," says Baksaas, with Vietnam, Indonesia and the Philippines all on watch. Back at the firm's Oslo headquarters, meeting rooms could get even more eclectic. —WITH REPORTING BY ARYN BAKER/ISLAMABAD AND ROBERT HORN/BANGKOK ■



AVIATION

International Departures. Disillusioned U.S. airline pilots are heading overseas, leaving domestic carriers scrambling

BY COCO MASTERS

FOR CAPTAIN BRIAN MURRAY, THE MEMORY of the way pilots and crew were treated during the airline bankruptcies of the 1980s still stings. "Planes were parked. Crews were out and had to find their own way home," says the former Piedmont Airlines pilot. "We were bringing people home in the cockpit and in the back of the cabin." After 23 years of flying mainline American carriers, Murray, 54, says he became "tired of watching senior management march through the airline and leave with huge golden parachutes."

So in July 2004 he jumped too, from U.S. Airways to Dubai-based Emirates. His new company provides him with a freshly pressed uniform and a chauffeur-driven car to each flight. Murray has twice the vacation time (42 days), guaranteed annual raises and a benefits package that has lured more than 100 U.S. pilots to Emirates over the past four years. One-third of the 23 former U.S. Airways pilots at Emirates had the option to return when the airline recalled them from furlough after the cuts in 2004. Only one did. "It's just not worth it," Murray says. "Employees have been beaten down to the lowest common denominator, where the salary, benefits and career path are so miserable—so uncertain." And maybe it's also because the guys who once ruled the U.S. skies now have a different status at the legacy carriers—employee.

That sentiment a common one among the more than 10,000 U.S. airline pilots put on furlough between late 2001 and 2006 has led to what many airline experts call a major shortage of pilots will

ing to work for U.S. carriers. Bankruptcies, pay cuts, frozen pensions, eroded job security and increases in monthly flight hours have pushed some pilots out of the industry. Others have simply picked up and followed the best jobs overseas. Emirates, for example, expects to hire 540 pilots this year. Half the applicants are Americans, compared with just 7% of its current pilots. The result is a massive shift of talent and experience from U.S. carriers into the international market.

Pilots flying for airlines in foreign markets say they are treated like upper-level managers, with something they feel they no longer get in the U.S.: respect. China and India are signing up pilots with two-to-five year contracts and giving them the chance to move around the world without having to start at the bottom and advance—something stifled by the seniority system in the U.S. "It's an amazing opportunity," says Murray.

And the word is quickly getting out to pilots in training. An aviation major and recent graduate of Georgia State University, Adnan Pochi, 21, has been flying since age 15 and has already racked up 300 flying hours. Although he will probably start off at a U.S. regional carrier, Pochi is attracted

to the energy at airlines overseas. He hopes someday to go to India to work for Kingfisher Airlines. "They're hiring like crazy," says Pochi. "It's a big market."

The U.S. is still the world's pilot training ground, but the pool of young talent is drying up. The number of military pilots, once a reliable source of commercial recruits, has been declining. Flight instructors, whom the industry needs to keep the pipeline of new pilots flowing, are hopping abroad rather than spending years racking up hours to qualify for bottom-rung U.S. pilot posts. And only about 20% of furloughed pilots are coming back to work, compared with 80% to 90% historically, says Jerry Glass, a Washington-based consultant and president of F&H Solutions Group.

So who will fill the estimated 12,000 new airline pilot jobs created this year in the U.S.? Major airlines can still skim off the top to fill plum jobs with eager regional pilots, but then those regional positions will need to be filled. That is forcing some smaller carriers, such as Pinnacle Airlines and Comair, to reduce flight-hour requirements for experienced pilots or offer training-completion bonuses to new flight-school graduates.

Captain John Prater, president of the Air Line Pilots Association, says a shortage of qualified pilots is severely affecting some regionals' ability to fly, tempting them to push pilots to fly beyond Federal Aviation Administration maximum flight times. Chronic pilot fatigue jeopardizes safety—and the pipeline's flow. "You destroy the benefit and the value of being an airline pilot, and people will take their skills elsewhere," he says. And they are. ■

Pilots flying foreign carriers say they are treated like upper-level managers, with something they feel has long been lost in the U.S.: respect



PRIVATE BANKING

Old-School Rules. While others are swamped by credit woes, a 336 year old bank offers lessons in the art of survival

BY ADAM SMITH/LONDON

MUCH HAS CHANGED SINCE RICHARD Hoare opened his bank under the sign of the golden bottle in London in 1672. Insignia have given way to street numbers. Amsterdam, London's great trading rival in the 17th century, has long been eclipsed by New York City. And much of Hoare's own competition has been gobbled up by bigger banks. Amid it all, Hoare's bank has remained unshakable. With a bottle still hanging outside its central London premises, the U.K.'s last family-owned private bank has stuck to what C. Hoare & Co.'s current CEO Alexander Hoare calls its "tortoise-like approach. We go plod, plod, plod, doing what we've done for 11 generations."

With much of the global banking industry knocked off its feet lately, the steady march favored by C. Hoare & Co. offers a timely lesson in the art of financial survival. Tripped up by risky assets linked to the soured U.S. housing market, big banks have been forced to write off more than \$100 billion in recent months. Denied credit, others have imploded. Sporting the colors of old-school banking, C. Hoare & Co. has sidestepped the pileup. In a time of chaos, says Sebastian Dovey, managing partner at Scorpio Partnership, a wealth-management consultancy, the 336-year-old bank "symbolizes sustainability, preservation, reliability and continuity."

Big banking has become mind

bogglingly complex, and the credit debacle has made it clear that many supposedly savvy bankers failed to grasp the scale of the risks they were taking. Tiny C. Hoare & Co.—pretax profit for the year to last April was a modest \$32 million, up 8% from the previous year—has prospered over the centuries by keeping it simple. Two-thirds of its income still derives from providing rock-solid banking services—deposit-taking or loans, say—to its wealthy customers through just a pair of London branches. (Investment or financial-planning advice and help with tax or trust issues bring home the rest.) And with the Hoare family's seven managing partners on the hook for all of the bank's liabilities, there's nothing fancy about its approach to risk. Some 40% of C. Hoare & Co.'s deposits are turned into secured loans for its own customers. The rest is lent out to trusted banks.

And snug in the heart of London's

'We don't want to get bigger. The bigger you are, the more risk you have of a reputational accident because you weren't able to oversee [the business] properly.'

—ALEXANDER HOARE, CEO OF C. HOARE & CO.


Standing firm CEO Alexander Hoare is one of seven family members who run the bank

burgeoning financial quarter, how about this for a customer growth strategy: "We don't want to get bigger," says Hoare. "The bigger you are, the more risk you have of a reputational accident because you weren't able to oversee [the business] properly." So, at roughly 10,000-strong, C. Hoare & Co.'s customer base has reached its limits. Those that do make it in tend to be very well-heeled: investment portfolios at the bank average \$1.5 million, while basic account holders maintain balances of anywhere from \$2 million in the black to similar amounts in the red. But it's not enough to be rich. Clients must also "be extremely well introduced and have impeccable credentials," says Hoare. New money may be hotly courted elsewhere, but not here. "Our policy on Russians? Don't do them."

Those that have made the grade appreciate the bank's blend of snob appeal and personal service. In a recent survey of U.K. private bank and wealth-management customers published by Market-Dynamics Research & Consulting (MDRC), C. Hoare & Co. achieved a client satisfaction score of 82. Industry wide, that rate slumped below 60, the lowest in years. Common complaints: poor communication and rapid turnover in bankers assigned to manage relationships with clients. With a fifth of C. Hoare & Co.'s 250 staff clocking up 20 years in the job, the bank pledges a level of personal attention not seen elsewhere. "Unlike most private banks that have aspirations to deliver quality and service," says Richard Williams, managing director at MDRC, "Hoare & Co. just does it. It prides itself on understanding its clients."

Dodging the credit crunch has bur-nished its image, too. According to the MDRC survey, lenders hit hardest by the subprime snafu suffered sharp drops in client-satisfaction scores at their private-banking or wealth-management units. The worry, says Williams, was that "these pristine organizations were shown to be pretty sloppily run." Take UBS, the world's largest asset manager. Exposure to the U.S. mortgage market at its investment banking unit has triggered \$37 billion in write-downs over the last few months. Spooked by these signs of slack judgment, some private-banking clients have yanked their cash; shareholders have even called for the investment and private-banking units to be split. C. Hoare & Co., meanwhile, with neither an investment-banking unit nor any direct exposure to subprime assets, has seen cash pour in from customers seeking safety. The old tortoise has never looked in better shape.

Arts

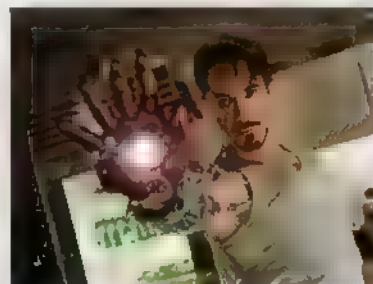


MOVIES MUSIC BOOKS EXHIBITIONS FASHION ARCHITECTURE

MOVIES

Why Is This Man Smiling? The Robert Downey Jr. we've all been waiting for is here

The Downey Index. Markets are bullish on the actor's next films



Iron Man
He gets his Marvel moment—and action figure!—as weapons inventor Tony Stark, a superhero with a checkered past



Tropic Thunder
That's him, center, as a Method actor playing a black soldier in the ribald comedy by Ben Stiller, left, with Jack Black



The Soloist
He plays a journalist changed by meeting a schizophrenic violin prodigy (Jamie Foxx) on the streets of Los Angeles

"I'M JUST NOT THE HERO TYPE, CLEARLY," swaggering billionaire weapons contractor Tony Stark explains to the press in the first of this summer's bumper crop of comic-book films, *Iron Man*, "with this laundry list of character defects and all the mistakes I've made, largely publicly." Stark, who by the way clearly *does* think he's the hero type, is played by another sort you might not associate with saving the planet: Robert Downey Jr.

Fifteen years after he was nominated for an Oscar for his uncanny portrayal of Charlie Chaplin and seven years after his last of several well-publicized trips to either rehab or jail, Downey, 43, is finally claiming the career he was always meant to have, one befitting a fiercely talented, eccentric and magnetic leading man. Later this summer, Downey will appear as an Australian Method actor who is overly committed to playing a black soldier in Ben Stiller's raucous satire of filmmaking and war movies, *Tropic Thunder*. And in the fall comes another plum role, as a journalist who discovers a schizophrenic Juilliard violinist (Jamie Foxx) living on the streets of Los Angeles in Joe Wright's drama *The Soloist*. Downey's career feels a lot more than six years removed from 2002, when Woody Allen said he couldn't afford to cast the unstable actor in *Melinda and Melinda* because it cost too much to insure him.

Supine on a love seat in his home at the end of a leafy cul-de-sac in Brentwood, Calif., Downey attempts to explain his improbable comeback. Like many of his stories, this one meanders poetically and involves, oh, several hundred kung-fu metaphors. "I've just been at the ready, and when the opening was there, I hit it," Downey says. "Guard your centerline, watch the lead elbow, look for an opening, make contact, exchange, advance or retreat and stay connected." He's fit, mellow and reflective after a morning of power-flow yoga with his teacher Vinnie Marino, part of what could be called Team New Downey, a large coterie that includes yogis, massage therapists, martial arts instructors and people who know about herbs. "I need a lot of support," Downey says, "like Lance Armstrong. Life is really hard, and I don't see some active benevolent force out there. I see it as basically a really cool survival game. You get on the right side of the tracks, and you now are actually working with what some people would call magic. It's not. It's just you're not in the f---ing dark anymore, so you know how to get along a little better, you know?" Um, sort of. "That's O.K.," he says. "I'm not imagining that you're going to follow all

this until you hear it [on playback] later."

Downey's return from the brink is a fighter's tale. Since getting clean in 2001, the man who was at one time referred to as the best actor of his generation and also (in *TIME*) as a "stark reminder of the strangling power of addiction" has labored to show Hollywood that he deserves another chance. "He's somebody who's had it, lost it and now has it again, and it's like a pit bull who's got his jaws on a chew toy," says *Iron Man* director Jon Favreau. "Nothing will take this away from him."

Favreau lobbied to cast Downey as Stark, Iron Man's alter ego, when Marvel Studios and Paramount Pictures wondered if a younger actor with a blander past would be a smarter marketing choice for a potential franchise. In *Iron Man*, Stark's convoy of humvees is attacked following a weapons demonstration. Insurgents hold him captive in a cave and demand that he build them a devastating weapon. Instead, Stark builds himself a suit of armor with a new sense of purpose. "Tony Stark goes through a bit of a moral reawakening in this movie," Favreau says—a character arc that tipped the casting in Downey's favor. "You can't have a moral reawakening if you're in high school. You have to have done things in your life to be able to look back and say that I've made mistakes or maybe I should re-evaluate the way I approach things."

Downey prepped for three weeks for his one-hour screen test for *Iron Man*. "You run [the scene] until your subconscious can cough it up with ease," Downey says. "Then you run it to where, if you were woken up in the middle of the night, you could probably say it backwards. Then you write the whole thing out illegibly and see if you can scream through it as fast as you can, while only having a rough reference of what it is because it's written out like chicken scratch." Oh, and then if you're Downey, you probably improvise a couple of versions that are better than what's on the page and perform those too. "He really, really wanted it," says Susan, 34, his wife of 2½ years, a producer he met while making *Gothika* in 2002 and by all accounts the crucial member of Team New Downey. "Other than Chaplin, it's the role he's gone after the hardest. He knew he could do it, and he knew he had to prove it to people."

Downey was born in New York City's Greenwich Village, the son of an underground filmmaker and an actress. They divorced when he was 13. Downey was acting in his father's films—and partaking in his father's drugs—before he hit his teens. He learned his craft by osmosis. "I did the entire Sanford Meisner process just by hanging around and smoking weed in the stairways with my friends who had just gotten back from class," Downey says. "They'd tell me the exercises. It seemed like inevitably they wound up screaming and crying—screaming at each other and crying at what was screamed. I would just call that Thanksgiving."

By the mid-'80s, Downey had a promising career in teen comedies like *Weird Science* and *Back to School*. A groundbreaking role as a drug addict in *Less Than Zero* followed, and then, in 1992, came *Chaplin*. After he finished the shoot, he couldn't bring himself to leave the Swiss location.

"I felt like I had just knocked one out of the park. I thought, You know what? This is the big turning point for me," he says. But when he went back to Los Angeles, it became "this huge anticlimactic thing that basically took on different shades of awe, wonder, acceptance, bitterness or disassociation for the next—what year is it?—17 years. There was this kind of lull, and I never really found any momentum to focus my creative energy after that, so pretty expectable things happened."

Downey got married, had a son, Indio, now 14, and separated from his wife, and then it got ugly. In 1996 he was arrested driving his Porsche naked down Sunset Boulevard, throwing "imaginary rats" out of his window. Another night, he mistook a neighbor's house for his own and fell asleep in a child's bedroom. His life was a series of court dates and drug relapses. In 2000 he got caught in a hotel room with cocaine and a Wonder Woman costume. After another arrest a few months later, Downey was written out of *Ally McBeal*.

"The problems we all face, they beat a

lot of people," says Mel Gibson, who has been Downey's friend since they met on the set of 1990's *Air America*. "You try and deal with it. You try and manage it. I share that with him." Gibson, who has talked openly about his own alcoholism, gave Downey his first post-rehab film break, in 2003's *The Singing Detective*; as producer, Gibson put up the insurance money for his friend. Slowly, Downey re-established his credibility, making 16 more films in the next five years, including critical favorites *Kiss Kiss*, *Bang Bang* and *Zodiac*.

As he rebuilt his career, Downey also worked on, for the first time, a healthy relationship with a woman. "I don't want to be that schmuck who's just, you

'The problems we all face, they beat a lot of people. You try and deal with it. You try and manage it. I share that with him.'

—MEL GIBSON



Downey on Downey
The actor talks more at
time.com/downey

know, looking down a hallway in a leased McMinimansion in Brentwood going, 'Hey. I wonder what me and so-and-so are going to do tonight.'" The stable family that Downey craved didn't come intuitively. Early on when they were dating, says Susan, "he'd be driving home, and I'd say, 'Drive safely.' He'd be like, 'What do you mean? Do you think I'm not a good driver?'" 'No, dude, that's what you say when you care about someone.'

Downey learned that the lifelong yen for domesticity that sprang from his nomadic youth needed feeding. "I'm comfortable and rooted in the mundane, like a beekeeper," he says. "I've realigned myself with whatever my quirky-ass passions are. I love history. I love martial arts. Above all, I love my wife and my kid." When he and Susan have a child, Downey says, "I'm probably just as likely to wind up being John to her Yoko. She can go out and do some stuff; I'll stay home with little Missy."

If studio execs had any lingering doubts after casting Downey in *Iron Man*, they must have been soothed when comic-book fans greeted him ecstatically at last summer's Comic-Con in San Diego. A conventiongoer, dressed in a medical costume, strode up to a microphone at the Marvel panel and told Downey, "You've always been one of my favorite actors because we kind of share the same difficult past, if you know what I'm saying." To which a deadpan Downey replied, "Are you a war veteran too?" When asked why he dodged the kid's obvious search for some advice on beating addiction, Downey suggests that being the poster boy for recovery is just another form of narcissism. Other stars have been known to call Downey for help, a responsibility he doesn't seem entirely comfortable with. "I know this: I'm not the recovering guy, and I'm not the drug-addled ne'er-do-well, you know? I'm neither of those. I want out of that game. I want nothing to do with it. I want to do my work."

Somehow Downey's winding road through stints as wunderkind, ne'er-do-well and recovering guy took him to where he is today: a contented, kung fu-obsessed homebody in the prime of his career. But he really can't tell you how. "If I try to explain it," he says, "then I'm imagining that I've figured it out." Hero he may be, but he's not the figuring out type. ■

No more mug shots? These days Downey indulges in kung fu and the *Military Channel*

Cruel and Unusual

Two wildly different new movies show how the war on terrorism became both tragedy and farce

PUT AMERICA'S TWENTYSOMETHINGS in a notorious international detention camp, and mischief is bound to ensue: they'll be either the perpetrators or the near victims of systematic torture. That is the message of two new films that have virtually nothing else in common. Together, though, they speak volumes about how American movies address political horror stories: as a tragedy or a joke.

Standard Operating Procedure, from Oscar-winning documentarian Errol Morris (*The Fog of War*), is a creepily edifying study of the U.S. soldiers who took those

evidence—of detainees made to wear panties on their heads or leashed like dogs—is harrowing and haunting. It's also spooky how poised and telegenic the perps are; two, Javal Davis and Sabrina Harman, could easily fit into the cast of *The O.C.* But the ultimate anomaly of Morris' movie is how closely the story mirrors Hollywood melodrama.

For this is no men-at-war story; three of the seven bad apples were women. And what they did, you might say, two of them did for love. One of the soldiers, Megan Ambuhl, took the photos under the

transatlantic flight. Instead we get a road comedy through the South. If we were to describe every gross-out gag in the film, this page would have as many blacked-out phrases as a heavily redacted CIA memo. We'll just say that in its luridly staged sexual humiliations, *Harold & Kumar* is right up (or down) there with Morris' movie.

For all its strengths as art, politics and soap opera, *Standard Operating Procedure* will reach only the art house audience—a small fraction of the *Harold & Kumar* crowd. Yet Morris' argument is pure populist Hollywood. He says the grunts were



Two POVs on POWs Harold (Cho) and Kumar (Penn) in detention at Gitmo; a re-enacted scene from Abu Ghraib in *Standard Operating Procedure*

horrifying photos at Iraq's Abu Ghraib prison. Then there's the stoner comedy *Harold & Kumar Escape from Guantánamo Bay*, in which the two Asian-American dopsters, last seen searching for a White Castle burger, get into lots of zany scrapes, including being arrested as terrorists and sent away for sexually demeaning punishment from guards at Gitmo.

The revelation in 2004 of prisoner abuse at Abu Ghraib, first reported on *60 Minutes II*, sickened all those who saw the photographs. But that wasn't the whole story. A lot more of it is in Morris' film, in interviews with the young Americans who were at the core of the crimes though far from the top of the Army command chain.

To hear their testimony and see the

"direction" of her future husband Charles Graner, who was having an affair with the "star" of the pictures, Lynndie England. (England later gave birth to a baby fathered by Graner.) Like an indie film crew, this ragtag Baghdad gang was making its own little digital war movie: *Atrocity Now*.

While Morris' film has a polished look, the *Harold & Kumar* movie is scrupulously scruffy. It's also the polar opposite in its approach to political responsibility.

Having dreamed up a splendidly subversive title, writer-directors Jon Hurwitz and Hayden Schlossberg spend barely five minutes subjecting Harold (John Cho) and Kumar (Kal Penn) to indignities in the Cuban lockup after they're seized for having a bomb—actually a bong—on a

the little guys who took the fall while the brass got off free. *Harold & Kumar*, oddly, believes our boys can be saved by a higher power: the President of the United States.

Yep, George W. Bush is this movie's *deus ex machina*. As played by James Adomian, he instantly bonds with the guys, so happy is he to find someone to do weed with. He also offers some sage advice: "You don't have to believe in your government to be a good American. You just have to believe in your country." Both films, ultimately, also believe that Americans can benefit by learning the worst and the weirdest about themselves. By that standard, Harold and Kumar are pothead patriots in the first feel-good torture film. And Errol Morris deserves the Medal of Freedom.

Global Adviser

TRAVEL FOOD GADGETS STYLE LEISURE

ON SHOW

Thinking Big. A new museum gives China's avant-garde a wider stage

IF IT WAS ONCE THREATENED by eager developers or suspicious officials, Beijing's 798 art district may now be falling prey to its own success. Thanks to a frenzied Chinese art market, 798 now caters to a set more interested in the scene than the art, which critics say has suffered.

But cultural restitution is in the air in the shape of the Ullens Center for Contemporary Art, ucca.org.cn, which hopes to bring Beijing's art scene back to its edgy roots. Founder Guy Ullens is Belgian and the lead curator is Frenchman Jerome Sans. But "This isn't about foreigners coming here and imposing things," Ullens says. "From the beginning the concept was to create a Chinese institution to inform and educate." The center appears to be doing just that. Its two halls currently host a Huang Yongping retrospective. The \$4 admission fee—expensive by local standards—has prompted some to dispute the museum's underground credentials, but Sans is unfazed. "This isn't the end of the avant-garde, but, on the contrary, a chance to play it louder," he says. "It's like a guitar. If you play unplugged, of course it's very nice, but if you plug into your amp, you can reach everyone in the festival."

—BY ALEX PASTERNAK

The Ullens Center Works like Xu Bing's A Book from the Sky installation are bringing edgy back





DIVERSIONS

Steamy Scenes. Get ready for the biggest thing to hit sauna design in centuries: windows

SAUNAS ARE FUN, BUT DO YOU EVER GET bored of staring at wooden walls or your neighbor's dripping back? If so, there's good news. Thanks to a new generation of super-heat-resistant tempered glass, manufacturers like Germany's Klafs are now able to construct traditional saunas with large—or even full-length—windows. Here are five places where you can get steamed up about the scenery.

1 Monart, www.monart.ie

Located among 119 acres (48 hectares) of Irish woodland in Enniscorthy, County Wexford, this sequestered sanctuary—constructed two years ago as a day spa and 68-room resort—offers two

saunas that look out onto manicured greenery. Created by landscape architect Mary Reynolds, the gardens feature ornamental lily ponds crisscrossed by whimsical stone bridges. Other facilities at Monart include a salt grotto and a traditional hammam.

2 Georgshöhe, www.georgshoehe.de

On the remote, wind-lashed German island of Norderney, you can watch the drama of the North Sea (fast-rising tides, violent spindrift and strong gales) unfold before your eyes from the quartet of mixed-gender saunas and steam rooms at this beachside redoubt. When you're done, an ice-cold plunge pool awaits.

3 Carlton Hotel, www.carlton-stmoritz.ch

Having undergone an 18-month, \$60 million makeover at the hands of local interior designer Carlo Rampazzi, St. Moritz's Carlton Hotel reopened late last year, featuring an oval-shaped sauna with views of the saw-toothed peaks of the Upper Engadine Valley. In the Germanic tradition, a theatrical *Auffguss* (pouring of water) is performed on the hour, during which an attendant drenches the hot stones with water scented with spruce, birch, eucalyptus or pine, and then circulates the searing air with 15 minutes of towel-flapping.

4 Vigilius, www.vigilius.it

Situated along a dramatic, larch-covered couloir at a rarefied altitude of 1,500 m (4,900 ft.) in the heart of the South Tyrolean Dolomites, the Vigilius Mountain Resort is a 41-room aerie, accessible only by cable car, and designed as a holistic, carbon-neutral hideaway by native Matteo Thun. One side of its sauna is taken up with a single pane of tempered floor-to-ceiling glass that lets you "dream and participate in the magic of day and night," according to its effusive creator. Of course, you could always just sit back and enjoy the view of the mountains.

5 Hotel Arts Barcelona, www.hotelartsbarcelona.com

From your lofty perch on the 43rd floor of this luxurious skyscraper, Barcelona's tallest, you can enjoy vertiginous vistas of both the Mediterranean and the Catalan capital from a pair of sex-specific saunas. The recently unveiled Six Senses Spa, which is spread across two floors of this 154-m (500 ft.) high tower of blue glass and skeletal steel, also features a pair of "vitality pools" that benefit from the same breathtaking panorama. —BY FARHAD HEYDARI

CHECK IN

The Butler Did It

WITH ONLY 40 BUTLERS TO ATTEND 299 ROOMS—TO WHICH THEY are summoned by the push of discreetly concealed buttons—you'd expect service at St. Regis Singapore, www.stregis.com/singapore, to sometimes show the pressure of busy periods, but not a bit of it. Poised and unflappable, 23-year-old Edwin Chen typifies the type of factotum that has made St. Regis famous. He recently spent two hours pounding the sweltering pavements of downtown Singapore looking for a guest's child (he found her having a stroll with her nanny). Compared to that, getting last-minute theater tickets or timing the service of an in-room meal of several courses is a breeze.



The St. Regis You are being served

St. Regis makes a big feature of its service quality, and indeed, wherever you look in the hotel there are staff tumbling over themselves to accommodate your every vagary. But then again, you are paying at least \$590 a night. That buys you a great location (a stone's throw from Singapore Botanic Gardens and just around the corner from the shopping thoroughfare of Orchard Road), a palatial room kitted out with a Bose sound system and Ploch linens, and a style of luxury exemplified by the airport transfer, in which a limousine pulls right up to the plane. Dining—either at Les Saveurs modern French restaurant or the Yan Ting Cantonese restaurant—is similarly upper class. The extravagantly marbled Remède Spa, meanwhile, doesn't even try to be sensible, plying its guests with chilled champagne and chocolates (saffron, rose and cardamom). I suppose you could walk some of it off, but there are butlers for that sort of thing. —BY JOAN KOH

One Night in Taipei. Let locals in the know give you the lowdown on the bustling Taiwanese capital

STAN LAI, PLAYWRIGHT

I suggest booking a twilight meal at **Shiyang Shanfang**, tel: (88-62) 2862 0078, on Yangmingshan, the hill above Taipei. This is an oasis of peace on a large estate with gardens and a waterfall. Make sure to book a pavilion room and get there around 5:30 p.m. to walk around and soak in the serenity. The set menu is creative, and we always have tea after dinner in a separate teahouse, a fabulous meditative site in a grove.

Then, if there is something interesting at the **National Theater**, tel: (88-62) 3393 9999, plan to come down the hill in time to catch a performance. You will find Taipei's arts scene to be vital and distinctive. If you are still hungry after, any of the night markets like **Raohe**, raohe.com.tw, offer a dazzling choice of local food and sharp contrasts for the senses. Be adventurous. Cap it all with a midnight visit to **Esilite Bookstore's** Tunhua South Road branch, tel: (88-62) 2775 5977, which is open all night long. You will be surprised how many people hang out there.

BJACK, MUSIC PRODUCER

Begin with cocktails at **Ambience**, tel: (88-62) 2541 0077, a chic boutique hotel on the corner of Chang An East Road and Xin Sheng North Road. The décor is contemporary and elegant, and with the five-star service, you'll feel like you're in a music video. Then get serious at **Ruth's Chris Steak House**, tel: (88-62) 2545 8888. It's near the corner of Min Sheng East Road and Tun Hua South Road. The food is excellent and the service is exceptional. A 16-ounce prime rib-eye and a



bottle of Cabernet Sauvignon will set up a wonderful mood for the rest of the evening. Now that we're full, it's off to **Brown Sugar**, tel: (88-62) 8780 1110, on Sung Ren Road near Warner Village. This is where you can enjoy one of the finest jazz bands in town and dance to the splendid sounds of jazz, funk and salsa (a good way to work off those 16-ounces). The night is still young, so next head across the street to Barcode, tel: (88-62) 2725 3520, one of the hippest bars in Taipei. The DJs play a refreshing mix of things other than hip-hop. The A-list, upper-crust types, artists, models, you name it—they're all there.

Showtime The city offers traditional culture with a twist

LEE YEN-CHIU, TV HOST

If you only have one night, don't dine at a restaurant, which would take up too much of your precious evening. Go instead to the **Shilin Night Market**, right near the Jiantan MRT (or subway) station, where you can taste all the local delights from oyster omelettes and succulent sausages to coffin bread (deep-fried bread with various fillings). For dessert, have some fresh fruit and made-to-order shaved ice.

Now take the MRT to the **Maokong Gondola**, gondola.trtc.com.tw, and enjoy a view of the city as the cable car takes you to the top of a mountain full of enchanting teahouses. Savor some of the local beverage, then ride back to the city and head for the **National Dr. Sun Yat-sen Memorial Hall**. Stroll to the adjacent park and look out for dancers, singers and actors using the open space to perfect their acts. —WITH REPORTING BY NATALIE TSO/TAIPEI



Night shift The National Theater, left, offers a change of pace from the Raohe night market, far left, and Taipei's hectic streets, above



Nancy

Gibbs

The Light of Death. We try not to look too closely. But the day I lost my father, I found the gifts that grief can bring

THE HOGWARTS GHOSTS HAVE A TRADITION I THINK worth borrowing. They celebrate their Deathday, a party marking the date they quit this mortal coil. If a child's birthday leans forward—first steps, a bike, a license, the vote—a Deathday looks back at a life well lived and, for the lucky, well ended. It's a lovely spring morning as I write this, just as it was six years ago on the day I said goodbye to my father.

Most of us have a pretty good idea about how we want to die: at home, at peace, quickly, with family, without pain. And at a ripe old age. But progress begets paradox: we've gotten so good at the last goal, it swallowed the others, so we live longer but die slower. Two out of three people die in hospitals or nursing homes, often alone, the process prolonged by a conspiracy of hope, fear, bureaucracy, inertia. When researchers not long ago interviewed family members of the recently deceased, half of them said their loved one did not get the support he or she needed at the end. There's a specter to haunt us, a death worth fearing, altogether different from the death we can embrace.

As my generation journeys deeper into middle age, we talk about this quietly, live through our parents' passing and learn how little we know about the journey's end. Death will never be pretty—its sights and smells too close and crude. And it will never come under our control: it gallops where we tiptoe, rips up our routines, burns our very breath with its heat and sting. And yet while sorrow is certain, fear is not. "She had a very good death," a friend says of her mother, and I have an idea of what she means and don't hear it as a shrug of denial or contradiction.

I asked a doctor friend what makes the difference, once the battle is out of her hands. "Fear," she said, "and regret. Take those away, and what's left is peace." Two weeks before my father died, he sat in the sun watching one of his granddaughters play soccer. Three days before, as his strength visibly failed, three generations were able

to come and be with him. The hospice angels made him comfortable. Neighbors brought pies; the pastor brought prayers. On Sunday night his granddaughters read him a bedtime story. My brother and husband took turns keeping watch. He did not wake up Monday morning and died the following afternoon, with his wife of 49 years and his children beside him. He was 82.

How is it that the one event we know with absolute certainty will occur is still one we improvise? Do we lower our voices, dress in black, save a lock of hair as the Victorians did and wove into jewelry? Do you let young children see a corpse—the very word suddenly cold and empty because his flesh and blood no longer matter, his meaning filling the space once his presence is gone? "Is that Grandpa?" our 4-year-old wondered. "No, honey," my husband told her. "He's not here anymore. That's just his body." She worked at this, how the arms that held her and the lap she sat in were no longer him. "You know how when we go to Florida, we leave our winter coats at home because we won't need them there? Well, he just left this behind because he doesn't need it anymore." And this appeared to make perfect sense to her, and she went to play, full of love and certainty, and we all took a walk in the watery light of late afternoon.

There are those—soldiers and nurses, poets and priests—for whom death is a sure com-



Celebrating life Howard Gibbs, 1919-2002

panion. But most of us treat it as a notorious celebrity we watch from afar, fascinated but removed, until we have no choice, preferring myth to truth. Do we raise the odds of dying well if we pitch our tents within sight of the cemetery, feel the cold earth and vow to make a bucket list, make resolutions, make amends? Ten million people watch Professor Randy Pausch's Last Lecture on YouTube; see the shining, dying man; and quietly promise themselves to shift out of neutral, stop being stupid about the stupid things. I celebrate Daddy's Deathday for who he was and what he made us, a day when gratitude came to life.

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